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THE PUBLICATION OF THE DARDANELLES REPORT

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

THE Dardanelles Commission has at last issued its second and final report. The first report was issued in February, 1917, and the examination of witnesses for this second report continued till September of that year. The pages have been long in type, and their substance has been freely made known, so that I cannot say why the publication has been so long delayed, unless there was difficulty about the maps. For I can hardly suppose that political or personal considerations were taken into account so long after the event. Since the commission was appointed, Lord Cromer (chairman) and Lord Nicholson have died, and two members have resigned. But all the members were men of distinction, and under the chairmanship of Lord Pickford they have carried out a very difficult and complicated task with a fine sense of evidence and entire impartiality.

The report, which is admirably written and arranged, forms in fact a summary history of the whole Dardanelles campaign from the first landing to the evacuation. The observations upon the many controversial points in the conduct of the campaign naturally interest me most, because I was present on many of the occasions myself, and have since spent many toilsome days in trying to discover the truth about them. Such controversial points, I mean, as the cause of the delay at starting, the frontal attacks at Helles, the capacity of certain generals at Suvla, the disastrous withdrawal from Scimitar Hill on the night of August 8, the water supply on the previous day, the identity of the guns which drove Major Allanson's gallant party from the summit of Sari Bair just when the Narrows were in sight and victory seemed assured, the question of the hospital ships, the responsibility of the contractors who sent out salt and stringy meat, the delay of the canteen ships in spite of frequent petitions for them, and the consequent plague of dysentery and enfeebling diarrhœa.

But the commission's wider conclusions are of more general interest. The value of the campaign as a strategic conception was presumably estimated in the first report, on the 'Origin and Inception,' but the conclusion is there only represented by a row of dots. In my opinion, the conception was the finest strategic idea of the war. If it had been pushed with con-

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centrated energy and not played with as a dubious side show it must have ended the war at least two years sooner, for it would by that time have surrounded the Central Powers with an iron wall out of which no issue was left. But the present report deals only with the failure in execution. The commissioners justly concluded that from the outset sufficient consideration was not given to the measures necessary for success. The Turks had been underestimated. The Turks had been amply warned by the naval bombardments of the previous November and the February and March of 1915. The reports of the Admiral and of Sir Ian Hamilton showed that the Turkish resistance was likely to be stubborn. Owing to our obligations in other theatres of war, the necessary drafts, ammunition, high explosives, etc., could not be supplied:

> We are of opinion that, with the resources then available, success in the Dardanelles, if possible, was only possible upon condition that the government concentrated their efforts upon the enterprise and limited their expenditure of men and material in the western theatre of war. This condition was never fulfilled.

After the first landing, Sir Ian, on May 17, reviewed the position for the government and asked for one army corps if Bulgaria or Greece joined us; otherwise for two. The government was so occupied with its own crisis and disputes that the dispatch was never considered till June 7, and the sending of reinforcements was postponed for six weeks, during which the men on the peninsula were obliged to make repeated frontal attacks to save themselves from being driven into the sea. Yet, in Mr. Churchill's words — and to him was due the honor of the whole strategic conception — 'if there were any operations in the history of the world which, having been begun, it was worth while to carry through with the utmost vigor and fury, they were these.'

It is true that Mr. Churchill was responsible for the naval attempts to force the straits, and so for the warning that induced the Turks, under German officers, to prepare the elaborate land defenses which made rapid advance impossible even when the army had effected a landing. Whether the naval attacks would have succeeded if they had been pressed, in spite of considerable losses, we cannot know. But we know that our success was fully expected in Constantinople at the time, and we know that up to the very end, when evacuation was in sight, some of the best of our naval officers on the spot strongly advocated a renewal of the attempt. Though Admiral de Robeck was opposed to the scheme, he allowed a plan of operations to be drawn up. Admiral Wemyss supported it, and Commodore Roger Keyes (now Vice Admiral) came home to press the proposal vigorously, and, as he believed, with success. Ultimately the government rejected the idea and resolved on evacuation, although Lord Kitchener was resolutely opposed to that course until he visited the scene of action and was won over by Sir Charles Monro and certain staff officers there. If the ships could have fought their way through, or even if the army had clung on to the peninsula, deepening their trenches against the worst that German or Bulgarian shells could do, our country would at least have been spared the disaster of Kut. But such speculations are futile now. The main conclusion of the commissioners is:

> Viewed as a military enterprise which was undertaken not as a surprise, but after ample warning had been given to the enemy of the probability of a land attack, we are of opinion that from the outset the

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risks of failure attending the expedition outweighed its chances of success. The conditions of the problem, so far as we can judge, were not fully investigated in the first instance by competent critics, and no correct appreciation of the nature and difficulties of the task involved was arrived at.

After summarily discussing the main points of the campaign, they come to the evacuation, which they say the General Staff at the War Office favored:

To Sir Ian Hamilton such a step as evacuation was unthinkable, and he informed Lord Kitchener accordingly. On October 11, Lord Kitchener also told the Dardanelles Committee that in his opinion the abandonment of the Gallipoli Peninsula would be disastrous. On the other hand, Sir Charles Monro strongly urged its expediency and feasibility, and this view, though at first distasteful to Lord Kitchener, was afterwards accepted by him. At last the government resolved to withdraw from the peninsula. We think that this was a wise and courageous decision.

The commissioners find very little fault with Sir Ian himself for his conduct of the campaign upon the scamped resources allowed him. To me, the worst that can be said lies in the brief sentence, 'On the evening of August 8 we think that Sir Frederick Stopford's difficulties were increased by the intervention of Sir Ian Hamilton.' It was that Sunday evening of fatal calm, the day after the Suvla landing. Coming to Suvla from Imbros, Sir Ian had found, as he said, 'inertia prevailing.' The Turks now admit that they had not a man along the line of heights on our front. We had but to walk forward and occupy what we liked. But hardly a soul moved. Hoping to save the situation even then, Sir Ian gave a direct order to a divisional general (Hammersley, of the 11th Division). The order was to occupy the dominating height of Tekke Tepe with any battalion available. No order could have been better; but owing to the confusion of brigades, the ignorance of positions, the gathering darkness, and the exhaustion of some battalions, the 6th East Yorks, in compliance with Hammersley's order, were withdrawn from the vital point of Scimitar Hill, but they never reached the height of Tekke Tepe. Nor was any battalion sent to replace them. In the night large Turkish reinforcements came up by forced marches. Stopford's plan for an advance upon the heights at dawn was utterly upset. Scimitar Hill was soon crowded with Turks, and, in spite of deadly efforts, we never took it again.

The unhappy result was due to a series of accidents. In their more general view, the commissioners express a just estimate of Sir Ian himself:

We recognize Sir Ian Hamilton's personal gallantry and energy, his sanguine disposition, and his determination to win at all costs. We recognize also that the task entrusted to him was one of extreme difficulty, the more so as the authorities at home at first misconceived the nature and duration of the operations, and afterwards were slow to realize that to drive the Turks out of their entrenchments and occupy the heights commanding the straits was a formidable and hazardous enterprise which demanded a concentration of force and effort. It must be further borne in mind that Lord Kitchener, whom Sir Ian Hamilton appears to have regarded as a Commander-in-Chief rather than as a Secretary of State, pressed upon him the paramount importance, if it were by any means possible, of carrying out the task assigned to him.

I should like to know what officer in the army, including himself, ever regarded Lord Kitchener as anything but Commander-in-Chief, or ever thought of him as a Secretary of State! And when the commissioners go on to say that, in their opinion, it would have been well if Sir Ian had examined the situation as disclosed by the first landings in a more critical spirit, impar-

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tially weighed the probabilities of success and failure, and submitted to Lord Kitchener a comprehensive statement of the arguments for and against a continuance of the operation, one can only say that within three weeks Sir Ian did present such a comprehensive statement of the situation, and that the government was too much occupied with its own squabbles to pay the least attention to it. As to recommending the abandonment of an enterprise with which he had been entrusted, Sir Ian was not the man to do that. If abandonment was what it wanted, the government ought to have appointed a different kind of man to command.

The Manchester Guardian

JAPAN AND AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC: AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW

THE present state of tension between the people of Nippon and the people of the United States affords us grave cause for concern. There are, of course, those — and their number is astonishingly large — who frankly rejoice over the possibility of a clash between the great Republic and the great Asiatic Empire. They fondly imagine that if these two countries fall out they will necessarily lose the immense advantages they have won in trade and commerce during the war, and Great Britain would thus come into her own again. Could any reasoning be more futile and absurd? If a break should come between these two Powers who now dominate the Northern Pacific, it would prove impossible for Australia to stand long neutrally aloof. The contest would not be between two rival commercial states. It would be between White and Yellow. Between the East and the West. Between the European and the Asiatic.

Although one may consider strife between the two peoples to be very improbable, may earnestly hope that such a catastrophe will not occur, it is yet profitable to reflect for a moment over what would probably happen if the Stars and Stripes and the banner of the Rising Sun were shaken out in anger, and battle were joined. While we may feel sure that Japan would not press her claims too far, that the United States would rely solely upon diplomacy to protect China and the Dutch East Indies, it is, nevertheless, arguable that a nation whose military ideas are modeled on those of Prussia might consider it proper to seize a favorable opportunity of securing aggrandizement by means of the sword rather than by means of commerce and diplomacy.

We have seen what happened in Europe when a great and prolific race was hemmed in and blocked whenever it strove to find an outlet for its people in some fertile place in the sun. What is likely to occur if, in the Far East, another virile and prolific people is debarred from expansion in those fields it regards as rightfully belonging to it? The Morocco understanding between France and Great Britain prevented German expansion in Northern Africa. The British annexation of Koweit and the Anglo-Russian partition of Persia

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blocked German development in Asia, with the result that the tightly corked bottle exploded, and we had years of ghastly war. The density of the population in the German Empire was 324 per square mile. That of Japan is 382 per square mile, but, whereas the whole of Germany can be lived upon, although some parts are unfertile and poor, only half of the area of the Japanese Islands is habitable. Actually, therefore, the number living on each habitable square mile is considerably over 600.

The annual increase of the Japanese is about three quarters of a million—750,000, the total population of the Islands being 57,000,000. The annual increase in the United Kingdom, with a population of 46,000,000, is 350,000, and these are free to go to the mighty spaces of the Empire or wherever else they list. It is different with Japan. Her people can go nowhere save into those Asiatic lands which she has conquered by the sword — Korea, Manchuria, and now Mongolia. Their migration to almost every other country outside Asia is barred. China is already densely populated, Korea carries to-day as many people per square mile as it safely can. Neither Manchuria nor Mongolia has proved attractive to the migrant Japanese.

It seems probable that all Eastern Siberia is now open to Japanese exploitation if they desire to settle there, but, although the winter is very severe over much of their own land, the Japanese do not appear to care to experience the far colder climate of Siberia. Still, although neither China nor Siberia offers attractive openings for would-be settlers, they both do offer magnificent fields for exploitation. Japanese traders, merchants, manufacturers, engineers, soldiers, and financiers will have in them ample scope for their activities for many years to come. But exploitation of the Celestial Republic will not materially assist in the disposal of the constantly increasing population of Nippon. Nor is it possible to get from Northern China and Siberia many of those things of which the Japanese — like the Germans — stand in need. For cotton, rubber, copra, rice, and other semi-tropical products they must look further south.

Supposing they put forth their hands and take what they wanted, would anyone say them nay? Would anyone be prepared to go to war to prevent them occupying some of the barely touched islands of the East Indies, over which the Dutch hold sway? Further, supposing any great Power did attempt to prevent such occupation by force of arms, could it prevail? These are pertinent questions which, fortunately, need not be very seriously asked. If we were to answer them truthfully, we would have to admit that there is nothing, from a naval and military point of view, to prevent the Japanese possessing themselves of what East Indian islands they cared to take, and that no Power would be able to dispossess them of these islands did it desire so to do. It is worth recalling that Japan, Formosa, and Korea together cover an area of only about one third that of the Dutch East Indies. The total population of these is 45,000,000, of whom no fewer than 35,000,000 live on the island of Java, leaving the vast islands of Borneo, Sumatra, and Celebes with a sparse population of but 10,000,000. Java is highly cultivated, and a beginning has been made in Sumatra, but Borneo and Celebes — immense, fertile, well watered — are practically untouched. So, too, is Dutch New Guinea. Yet they could produce millions of tons of sugar, and copra, and rice, millions of pounds of rubber, of tobacco, of tea, of coffee.

If by any ghastly chance Japan and

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the United States became involved in war, what would be likely to happen? It is 5500 miles from Yokohama to San Francisco, and it would be practically impossible for the Japanese fleet to operate on the Californian coast or for American battleships to visit Nippon. Neither squadron would have bases near enough to be of use, and without bases the most powerful fleet in the world rapidly weakens by attrition. If the American fleet came over to this side, all the Japanese would have to do would be to lie low until the need for coal and for repairs compelled the American admiral to weaken his forces by detaching ships, thus depriving his fleet of its numerical superiority over that of Japan. At the same time he would be subject to constant attack by submarines and destroyers, to escape which during the late war the British dreadnoughts were compelled to find shelter in mine-protected harbors. The Americans would have no such handy bases on this side, and would be obliged to keep to sea, with inevitable disastrous consequences.

The same state of affairs would obtain if the Japanese fleet ventured across the Pacific to the American side. It would have no base where it could shelter and effect repairs. It would have to rely upon colliers sent all the way from Japan. It would lose ship after ship even if there were no general action, and would be defeated, though the American fleet might never put to sea. Operating in the open, off the Californian coast, it would, however, not encounter dangers anything like as great as the American fleet, operating among the myriads of islands that strew the Japanese side of the Pacific, would have to meet. We know from bitter experience in the Ægean, what great advantages these islands would afford the lurking submarine. Because of the distances and the lack of bases, it is most unlikely that either country would attempt to attack the other, but it is conceivable that a naval action might occur at Hawaii. This midway house in the central Pacific is at present controlled and owned by the United States. There are said to be powerful defensive works about Honolulu, forts which could meet an attack from the land side, as well as from the sea. There are no fewer than 32,000 Japanese men *between the ages of 20 and 30* in Hawaii. In 1917 there were 5000 Japanese births in the Islands, and 295 American. The American administration has consistently sought for cheap labor with which to work the sugar cane fields, and has imported all manner of races, but chiefly Japanese. The total population of Hawaii is something over 200,000. Half of these are foreign born. The most numerous white race are the Portuguese, of whom there are about 24,000 now in Hawaii. Next come the Spaniards, with 3000. There are altogether 68,000 Japanese, 19,000 Filipinos, 16,000 Chinese, 5000 Koreans, and about 5000 Porto Ricans. Obviously, should trouble arise, things are likely to happen in Hawaii.

The recent fighting has demonstrated that modern fortifications cannot be subdued save by modern weapons, and has also shown that warships cannot destroy land forts. If, then, the Americans had enough troops in Hawaii they could hold out until the arrival of the American fleet. If, however, it did not come quickly enough, and the Japanese got there first and landed troops and siege artillery, the American resistance might be overcome. In a race for Honolulu the Japanese would almost certainly win, despite the greater distance they had to come, because they possess four powerful and swift battle cruisers, while the Americans have none of these ships, which naval experience during the last

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five years has shown to be the most important of all. In all naval operations between the rival fleets the presence of these mighty Japanese fighting machines would probably be the decisive factor. Not only is America deficient in battle cruisers, she is, by comparison with Japan, ill-equipped with those swift light cruisers which play so great a part in the guerrilla sort of warfare which would occur did either fleet cross the Pacific. Only in dreadnoughts have the Americans pronounced superiority, and that being so, we may take it for granted that the Japanese would avoid regular engagements and utilize their faster craft to wear down their more unwieldy opponent.

It is probable that the Japanese might find it as difficult to subdue Manila as they did to capture Port Arthur during the war with Russia, but it is quite possible that a relieving American fleet, which would have to pass through the innumerable Japanese-owned islands before it could reach the Philippines, would meet the same fate as that which Admiral Rozhdestvensky took from Europe to the East in 1905. Only if the American fleet could count on securing Australian coal, and on using Australian ports for shelter and repair, would it be possible for it successfully to operate on this side the Pacific. As far as the Americans are concerned, they could not prevent the Japanese from taking the Philippines and any other islands they cared to occupy in the East Indies. But, excepting in the Philippines, Guam, and, possibly, Hawaii, Japan could not strike at America, certainly she could not in any way damage the United States. But to secure East Indian islands there is no need to strive to invade America, nor would it be at all necessary to send the Japanese fleet across the Pacific.

On the other hand, the Americans could not hurt Japan unless they were able to secure bases and help on this side the Pacific. Formerly they could exert commercial pressure on the Mikado's Government, but now that the Japanese have secured control of Chinese iron mines they can make all the war weapons they need and are practically self-contained, and independent of the United States altogether. If it were not for the fact that the acquisition of the East Indies by Japan would be a matter of the deepest concern to the British Empire, we might take it as practically certain that strife between Japan and the United States would end in some arrangement whereby the former was confirmed in occupation of whatever islands she particularly desired. While this would be more or less a matter of indifference to the Americans, it would immensely strengthen Japanese prestige, and would make Japan easily the dominating Power on our side of the Pacific. It would also confirm her in her attitude toward China, and would go a long way toward making the dream of 'Asia for the Asiatics' a reality.

Fortunately, although Japan has shown an intention similar to that of other Powers to secure as large a share of the spoil as possible, she has also shown that she desires to secure a high position in international affairs by diplomatic, not by military, means. We ought not, therefore, to concern ourselves unduly with the possibility of a clash between her and the United States. At the same time it is not altogether foolish to reflect on how such a strife would affect us, and to consider what our attitude toward the combatants should be.

Stead's Review (Melbourne)

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PAST AND FUTURE POLICIES IN SCANDINAVIA

BY CHR. L. LANGE

It is only too natural that Scandinavia appears as a unity, when looked at from abroad. The distance, and also a need of simplification, suffice to efface the rather important divergencies between the three nations making up 'Scandinavia': Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Nor can it be denied that they are very closely related: the same anthropological type prevails; the three small peoples have succeeded in maintaining a high level of economic efficiency and cultural development; their languages, though each possessed of a distinct character, are so nearly related that no interpreter is needed between them.

It would, however, be a mistake, if foreigners took 'Scandinavian' unity for granted. When we examine their situation more closely, we soon see that their geographical position no less than historical traditions and the economic interests of each, in part also a somewhat different political and social organization, tend to impose on them divergent policies.

This difference of outlook manifested itself with considerable force during the crisis of the world war, which tended to bring out the underlying tendencies in the policies of all the countries of the world. It is true that for the three Scandinavian countries a common denomination was seemingly found in a policy of *neutrality*. But the conception of neutrality had a very different tinge in each case. If this policy of neutrality had not been so successfully maintained throughout, there might have been considerable risk of inter-Scandinavian war, so divergent was, at any rate during the first three years of the European conflict, the orientation of two of the nations. It should not be forgotten that when war broke out, only nine years had passed since the revolution which separated Norway from Sweden. Peaceful though it was, the scission had created great bitterness in the minds of powerful sections of Swedish society.

It is perhaps a big question whether in the world war, raising problems so grave as to force everybody to a thorough searching of heart, neutrality of feeling were possible. Personally, I am inclined to believe that no one in his heart of hearts was really neutral — provided he had a heart. But it is certainly possible, though not an easy or a grateful task, to be neutral in action and in public declarations. If the Scandinavian nations adopted a policy of strict neutrality, the chief explanation is to be found in the fact just mentioned. How divergent the outlook really was, a short review of the dominant sentiments in each of the countries will show.

In Denmark popular sentiment was overwhelmingly anti-German. North Slesvig was a Prussian possession, where for more than fifty years, two hundred thousand Danes had been subjected to an exceedingly hard and illiberal rule — Prussian administration in its most odious form. It was vividly realized that the hope of reunion could not be fulfilled, except through an overwhelming victory for

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the Allies. On the other hand, intimate economic relations had been developed with Great Britain. The Danish peasant has industrialized agriculture, and, instead of breadstuffs as before, Denmark is now exporting butter and meat. It has become the pantry of London and of industrial North England. This, of course, has influenced the ways of thinking, too; ties of sympathy and financial connections unite Denmark with the West.

The outbreak of the war fanned the anti-German sentiment in Denmark into hot flame. But still there was no question of taking part in the war, in spite of the heartrending reports from the brethren in South Jutland of their conditions during the war. The exposed situation of the country, its weak military defense, would make it so easy a prey to an attack from the south that only Hotspurs could entertain such an idea. And the present Danish Government are no Hotspurs.

It so happened that a Radical Government, supported by the Socialists, was in power when war broke out. It still is. These two parties are frankly anti-militaristic, and would fain obtain for Denmark, even within the League of Nations, a position of permanently recognized neutrality.

During the war the government has shown high ability both in its interior and in its foreign policy. It is no insignificant merit to have succeeded in maintaining a lower price level than in any other country, and at the very beginning of the war the government effected, with admirable foresight, an arrangement with the two leading antagonists, England and Germany, which allowed the Danish export to each of these countries to continue according to the same ratio as before the war. Moreover, a certain disillusion as to the sincerity of the representatives of the Great Powers is current in intellectual circles in Denmark. It was a favorite saying among them during the war that the chief difference between the statesmen of the Central Powers and those of the Entente, was that the former had not acquired the latter's consummate ability in using fine, high-sounding phrases.

In Norway, the situation was perhaps simpler than in any other neutral country: public opinion here was decidedly pro-Ally. The practical unanimity of Norwegian sentiment is all the more striking as Norway, perhaps with the single exception of Spain, found itself in a more detached position toward the war than any other European nation. It was more removed than most of the small European nations from the area of hostilities. It entertained intimate economic connections, not only with the Western countries, but also with Germany. If Norwegian political and intellectual life for the last century was under the influence of impulses from England, America, and France, religious feeling and scientific life got their inspiration from Germany.

The wanton attack on Belgian neutrality by the Prussian military oligarchy determined Norwegian public opinion. Norwegian democracy, in no uncertain voice, declared against Prusso-German oligarchy and its military policy. But, as in the case of Denmark, there was no disposition to enter the war. Norway is absolutely without any territorial ambition, and its participation would, therefore, have been exclusively an expression of its conviction as to the rights and wrongs of the conflict. Bigger Powers hesitated before such a decision. There is no doubt that, in the case of Norway, entry into the war would have entailed terrible hardships and misery on the people, while no appreciable advantage would have accrued to the Allies.

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Public opinion, therefore, absolutely approved a policy of neutrality.

During the war, however, Norway has learned that the path of neutrality is not without its difficulties. The extensive shipping trade, which has made Norwegian sailors the carriers of the world, created serious problems to the leaders of Norwegian foreign policy, and at different times rather grave conflicts arose both with Germany and with England. The stringency of the blockade entailed considerable inconvenience both to exports and imports, no less than to the shipping interests, and the people at large felt the consequences of the long delays of Norwegian ships in foreign ports, in the form of inflated prices on all foreign goods. The pro-Ally sentiment never abated, even when England stopped the import of coal and coke to the country, certainly a drastic measure during the cold season.

Far greater difficulties arose with Germany. The inhuman submarine war brought tragic losses to Norway. Despite it all, the Norwegian ships kept up their trade with the West and thus rendered a distinct service to the cause of the Allies. About a thousand Norwegian sailors found their deaths by German torpedoes and mines. The sinking of valuable tonnage also meant a serious menace to one of the chief trades of the country. The costly freights and enormous insurance premiums inflated the prices of all articles of consumption. There was at the end of the war probably no country in the world where life was so expensive as in Norway, and public opinion did not hesitate to put the chief blame on the submarine war. At the end of the war Norway was more decidedly pro-Ally than ever.

In Sweden the situation was outwardly very different from that in Norway and in Denmark. But the difference was one of governmental policy rather than one of outlook and dominant sentiment of the people. The explanation lies in the fact that Swedish democracy did not really come into its own till the very end of the war. A small coterie, supported by the Court and entrenched in the civil service and the army, had succeeded in catching the reins of government just before the war, and, because of very peculiar circumstances, managed to stay in power for three full years. From the middle of last century anti-Russian sentiment dominated Swedish public opinion. In Swedish eyes Russia figured as the insatiable conquering power, continually looking for expansion. At first Sweden had sought and found support from the Western Powers, which fought Tsardom in the Crimean War. Later, especially from the beginning of the present century, which saw the *rapprochement* between Russia and England, Sweden became more and more attracted into the orbit of German diplomacy.

When the world war broke out, Sweden had just passed through a fierce political conflict over problems of military preparedness. The Liberal Government in power had been ousted in the spring of 1914 by a seemingly popular movement, engineered with great skill by the Conservatives, but whose chief force was Royalty itself. King Gustavus succeeded in forming a government of his own, whose only task was to be the strengthening of the defense, and the great argument for this strengthening was always the Russian danger.

Such was the origin of the Hammarskjöld Ministry. Proclaimed as a 'national' government, it was in fact the King's ministry. Its duration was to have been expressly limited to the period necessary for carrying out its

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military reform programme. But war broke out, even before the government had really set about its task, and it stayed in power for more than three years (February, 1914, to April, 1917).

When war broke out, fear of Russia had risen to its highest pitch. An attack on North Sweden was generally anticipated, especially by the upper classes. It did not take place, but the fears had been so strong that the political consequences were quite as important as if it had come. The Court, the whole of the landed aristocracy, the army and naval officers, and the higher administration, not only declared their sympathies for Germany, but openly advocated what they called an *active* neutrality. As the Swedish Conservatives realized that their political power was in jeopardy, their sympathies for Germany, and especially for Prussia, as the apparently impregnable stronghold of conservatism and of the principle of authority, only became more intense. Numerically, this party is an unimportant element of the nation; socially, however, they exercised a far greater influence than their numbers and weight should entitle them to. The crisis of February, 1914, had shown that the King might be able, eventually, to play a personal part, and even to supersede a government supported by a parliamentary majority. Hence the uneasiness felt both by the government itself and by the Diet. The government, which was far from 'activist,' felt so uncertain of being able to steer a clear course of neutrality that, in August, 1914, at the outbreak of the war, it concluded an arrangement with Norway, stipulating that, even if either of the countries were implicated in the war, this should, under no conditions, entail hostilities between them. Because of the geographical situation, this in fact amounted to an anti-war insurance: neither country would be a useful ally to either group of belligerents when the frontier between them was to be inviolable.

It was generally supposed that, during the war, the Swedish people were equally divided in their sympathies. I am disposed to think that the friends of Germany were in an actual minority from the very beginning. But they have been noisy, and, because in high position, able to play a very dominant part.

Therefore, the situation was, especially in 1915 and 1916, not without its dangers. The 'Russian peril' soon faded into nothingness. But presently another cloud gathered — Finland. The recurring Russian defeats inspired hopes in the Finnish patriots of a liberation of their country. They established connections with Germany, and Stockholm naturally became the intermediary between the insurrectionary elements in Finland and the Germans. At certain epochs an outbreak of rebellion was expected in Finland, and it was feared that a wave of generosity in favor of the Finns might carry Sweden into war against Russia — that is, on the side of Germany. Very likely this would have entailed also war with Norway, as the nationalistic wave in Sweden certainly would have revived the resentment for the scission of 1905.

Fortunately for Sweden and for the peace of Scandinavia the Russian revolution of 1917 once and for all put an end to such possibilities. But meanwhile the way in which the Hammarskjöld Government handled the foreign policy of the country had caused serious friction with the Entente Powers. The geographical situation of Sweden, the intimate connections of the Court with Germany, the dependence of the Ministry on

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Royalty, the temptations offered to Swedish exports in the form of fabulous prices paid by the Germans — all tended to give to Swedish neutrality a rather pro-German tinge. There is no doubt, however, that the Socialist leader, Hjalmar Branting, was voicing the sentiments of the majority of Swedes when he, while steadily advocating neutrality, put the responsibility for the war on the Central Powers. The pro-Germans were a minority, but they decided the official policy of the country. Even when a stop-gap government had been created in the spring of 1917, the new leaders were still Conservative and mainly pro-Germans. It was only after the election in the autumn of 1917, when the Conservatives had dwindled to a fourth of the members of the popular Chamber, that the Liberal-Socialist parties ventured to take office. Thus the danger of inter-Scandinavian conflict passed away, and incidentally the conditions for a united Scandinavian front were created in all three countries.

The latter fact was the more important as, just at the same time, the increased stringency of the blockade and the severe rationing of neutrals created the necessity of closer cooperation in the economic field through an organized interchange of food and other products. Earlier inter-Scandinavian commerce had never been the object of a conscious policy; but the very divergence of their economic and industrial conditions, fortunately, made it possible for the three countries to help each other in the difficult situation: Denmark could spare dairy produce, meat, eggs, and some corn; Norway, fish, nitrate manure, whale fats, and oils; Sweden, beet sugar, wood products, and iron. Certainly, the situation was far from satisfactory. Coal and mineral oils, fodder, coffee, tea, and cocoa were wanting, not to speak of cotton, wool, and other raw materials for most branches of industry, all sorts of machinery, etc. If the three countries were reduced exclusively to their own resources it would be a very poor life indeed. But they might be able just to pull through for a limited time, and they all agreed that this safe card of inter-Scandinavian coöperation could not be exchanged for uncertain support from abroad. The consequence was that mutual exchange increased enormously, and this reacted very powerfully on the general relations of the three countries.

Thus *Scandinavian unity* became a factor of no small importance. It looked, however, larger from abroad than it really was. There have been in the past, from time to time, waves of 'Scandinavianism.' It began in the forties of last century as a reaction against the danger which threatened Denmark from the South; it found favor chiefly in the student world, and enlisted the emotional sympathies of poets and orators in all three countries. In the political sphere, however, it did not bear fruit, and after the tragic defeat of Denmark in 1864, when the two other countries had entrenched themselves behind the same neutrality as the Western Powers, it only retained very slight importance. In the literary and scientific field there certainly was a modest measure of coöperation through Scandinavian Congresses. Intimate social relations — inter-marriage, reciprocal immigration, etc.— soon also made the need felt for common laws with regard to family law and the treatment of foreigners, while business requirements provoked the same result in commercial and maritime legislation. In this field, therefore, coöperation was established at a relatively early juncture.

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It should, however, not be forgotten that Scandinavian coöperation is viewed from rather different angles in the three countries. The movement had originated in Denmark and was always assured of widespread support in this country. The Danes considered Scandinavianism as a sort of national insurance. To the Swedes it presented itself as a chance of hegemony in the North. Sweden is easily the most powerful of the three states, having upward of six million inhabitants, as against two and a half for Norway and three for Denmark (the acquisition of North Slesvig will give Denmark a quarter of a million more). Besides, the Great Power traditions of the seventeenth century are not altogether extinct in Sweden, and especially the Conservative forces in this country take a Swedish leadership for granted within an eventual Scandinavian group.

Norwegians are apt to look at the problem from a rather different angle. The historical experiences of their country with regard to 'Scandinavian' fellowship are not very happy. For more than three hundred years Norway lived in the shade of Denmark, its national and economic life crippled and strangled. The Napoleonic wars and the revolutionary wave from France created new conditions: Norway became a sovereign state with a pronouncedly democratic constitution; but Europe imposed on Norway a 'union' with Sweden, which for ninety years proved an ever-recurring source of friction. It can surprise nobody that before 1905 'Scandinavianism' only found scant support in Norway: the partners would be too unequal. From 1905, full independence having been won, the conditions of the game became more equal.

The absolute necessity of political and economic coöperation during the four years of war has, of course, powerfully influenced the Norwegian attitude toward 'Scandinavianism.' Especially the intense inter-Scandinavian commerce during 1917 and 1918 created the necessity of common consultation in the most different walks of industrial life. Stock had to be taken of wants and of possibilities of mutual help. A host of 'inter-Scandinavian Commissions' were at work, and closer personal relations were created than perhaps ever before. In the wake of this followed a Swedish proposal, at once enthusiastically supported from Denmark, of creating three parallel associations, under the common name of 'Norden'— the autochthonous word for 'Scandinavia'— destined to serve as centres, in each of the countries, of all efforts toward Scandinavian unity and fellowship. The undertaking had a rather difficult birth, due to Norwegian skepticism and hesitation. When, ultimately, an imposing number of representative Norwegian personalities joined, all reference to *political* coöperation had been struck out, and the stress was laid on the need for mutual information as to social and economic conditions and to currents of opinion in the other countries.

I think this may be taken as significant of the prospects for 'Scandinavia' in the near future. Nobody expects the intense coöperation during the war to cease at once; this would be both ungrateful and ungracious. Besides, in many walks of life coöperation is natural and will certainly continue. Universities will exchange lecturers; scientists and authors, students and workmen, will meet in congresses and exchange ideas and experiences; where practicable, the parallel legislative efforts will be continued in order to avoid conflicts of law; possibly also facilities may be created for inter-

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change of products in so far as this is possible without infringing on the prospects for a fuller measure of international free trade.

But here the coöperation will certainly stop. There will be no question of a customs union, as advocated from some quarters; this would entail too stringent conditions on the economic freedom of each of the partners. Still less is there any idea of organized political coöperation. The idea has been mooted of arranging a Scandinavian 'group' within the League of Nations. It has met with scant favor, and can be regarded as still-born. In the circles which discuss these questions there is practical unanimity that there will be great profit in preliminary exchange of views, and, if possible, in parallel action, but that the inconveniences and probably the difficulties of unity of action largely outweigh the possible advantages that might accrue, if such there be. There seems to be a consensus of opinion that in all fields voluntary coöperation is far to be preferred to any sort of unity or fusion.

AWAKENING ITALY: A VISIT TO FLORENCE AND VENICE

BY PHILIP GIBBS

In Florence, as in Rome, I find that the war has not left any visible wounds among the Italian people; and that is astonishing when one remembers how deeply this nation has been drained in blood and money.

Financially Italy is in a desperate plight.

The figures stated to the Italian people with a stern courage by their Prime Minister Nitti in his historic speech revealed a war debt of £3,000,000,000 sterling — of which £760,000,000 are foreign debt.

They are unable at present to obtain the raw materials necessary for the revival of their industries, owing to the ruinous rate of exchange, while the natural wealth of the country has decreased, because for five years 5,000,000 of their men were taken away from the fields and the vineyards and the workshops. Half a million of them are dead.

All that heritage of war leading to the tremendous danger of financial collapse is hidden from even the most searching eyes. Wandering round the narrow streets of Rome in the old 'Borgo,' where the poorest citizens dwell, one cannot say: 'Here is misery, here is famine, this is what war does to human creatures.'

The children play and laugh in the gardens of the Pincio and cheerful crowds of Romans saunter under the walls of palaces where the great families of the Borghese, and the Barberini, the Colonna and the Farnese, gathered the treasures of the ancient world and of their own Renaissances when Italy was the inspiration of the world in learning and beauty.

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The ugliness of war, its aftermath of misery, have not spoiled the old pictures of Roman life, which have not changed through many centuries—those glimpses one has through old courtyards of sculptors in their workshops, and wood carvers and enamelers; and those studies of Roman home life, unhidden from the passer-by, where old women sit in vaulted caverns, dimly lighted, among glass and earthen jars almost as tall as those in which the Forty Thieves took cover.

At the street corners the flower sellers still spread out their bouquets in great clumps of color, though it is late October.

It seems to me a proclamation to the world that wars may come and wars may go, but beauty is still worshipful in the heart of Italy.

So is it in Florence, to which in Shakespeare's time young gentlemen of England (and of all countries) came to learn their manners and elegance of dress, and ideas of art and poetry, so wonderful, so far-reaching in fancy, that all life was newly revealed after one week or so in the city of the Arno.

Fra Angelico had brought winged angels out of heaven to praise God on the walls, and Botticelli gave the glow of life to Christian saints and pagan creatures.

Donatello's fancy played with marble and bronze, and thousands of other painters and builders and craftsmen, glass workers and silversmiths, and cabinet makers and weavers, vied with each other to produce new wonders of art and elegance when Cosimo de Medici and Lorenzo the Magnificent were the rulers of Florence.

Those things have not perished though their age has passed, and to-day Italian soldiers with their women folk strolled through the Uffizi Galleries and the Pitti Palace, looking at the treasures of the Italian Renaissance as though, having these, Italy were still rich.

There is an appearance of wealth, even a reality of wealth, in a city like Florence which I cannot reconcile with that war debt of £3,000,000,000.

Some of those millions — paid in paper money — went into the pockets of the people.

They are living now on paper money, fairly comfortably, some of them with extreme luxury, as I find in restaurants furnished like palaces, and in palaces built like fortresses — when the Ghibellines were fighting the Guelphs — and one wonders how long a nation can exist on the finance of Treasury printing presses.

It is the same phenomenon that I had observed in other countries in this period after the war, in Belgium, and Germany — and England.

Is there any reality after all in money — or is plenty of paper good enough as a means of wealth?

One day, surely, and not far away, the realities will come crashing through this artificial finance and then the trouble will begin, for all of us.

Italy's real wealth to-day as a thousand years ago is in her farms, her vineyards, her olive groves, her metal works, and her labor.

Her future depends upon how far that source of wealth may give reality to the paper or the coinage which is a symbol of it.

At the moment it falls below her needs. On the Tuscan farms the *contadino* or peasant farmer is for the first time in history in revolt against his landlord.

For many hundreds of years he has worked his *podere* or farmstead on the principle of dividing its produce equally between himself and the owner of the soil.

Now, owing to the war which deprived him of his sons' service,—they

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were in the trenches or in the mountains,— and the cost of fodder for his cattle, and the rise of wages for any kind of labor, he finds that his share of the farm is not so good as in the old days, and not so fair.

So for the first time political agitators, I am told, are finding adherents in the fields where before their words fell on deaf ears.

It is difficult to believe (though I think it is true), for I have seen the Tuscan *contadino* driving his oxen slowly down the furrows which are made by a wooden plough, as when Horace wrote of agriculture in Latin verse.

There is no sign of agitation in those fields, about those white-walled, flat-roofed farmsteads under the Apennine hills and the blue sky, with their vineyards and their olive trees, where wheat is reaped by a sickle and threshed by the oxen's hoofs, or beaten by a stick and winnowed by the wind when it is thrown into the air.

Perhaps a little agitation will be good, for the Italian farmer is too old-fashioned to compete in the markets of the world with full advantage.

He grows good oranges, but packs them badly.

He makes pure wine, but too coarse in taste for foreign palates.

His apples and pears owe all to the sun and nothing to science.

There will be greater wealth in Italy, though less old-fashioned beauty and peace of soul, if the *contadino* adopts more modern methods of intensive agriculture and scientific improvements on his land.

Meanwhile he wants a bigger share of his fruits of labor, and his voice will be heard in the coming elections — already causing a wild confusion of voices grouped into a score of parties.

Labor is the greatest source of Italy's wealth, as it is of all countries, and labor is discontented, loud in its demands for higher wages, disgusted with social conditions which have allowed so many people to grow rich out of the war.

Italian labor has been international as well as national — as one writer says in a recent article of the *Anglo-Italian Review*, which is well worth reading: 'It is ubiquitous. At home it moves with the regularity of the tides from the mountains to the valleys and back again in the course of a single season of harvest, reaping both mountain and valley.

'And this internal migration affects no fewer than a million laborers in Italy. But that is only a part of its singular power of movement.

'Before the war nearly 60,000 Italian emigrants left Naples and Genoa every year in the autumn to reap the "winter" harvest in South America, chiefly in the Argentine. In the spring they returned for the Italian harvest, bringing their earnings with them.

'This energy, so patient, so sober, so regular in its movement, cannot be over-estimated. It has something in it of a national force.'

I saw one phase of this ebb and flow of Italian labor when I was in the United States this year. There were crowds of Italians at the Emigration Office paying their income tax on American dollars — with loud cries and protests — before getting their passage home.

Now to-day, as I write in Florence, Italy is glad to hear that the barriers put up by the United States against foreign immigration will not affect people of Allied countries.

The gate will be open again for another flow of Italian labor reaching out to other lands for wages, coming back again, many of them, to spend those earnings.

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The industry of Italy is her greatest power, a dynamic industry which is not only restricted to manual labor, but is intellectual, scientific, and inventive.

For such a people there is a great future if they can overcome the immense troubles of the present crisis.

It is with a remarkable courage that the Nitti Government faces the hard facts, and proposes a way of paying off its debts. The project of the Forced Loan on all capital above £800 is a bold measure which seems to have the support of the people in spite of the outcry of individuals who will be hard hit.

It is expected to raise £800,000,000 sterling, which will wipe out the foreign debt, and restore the balance of Italian exchange.

It is a revolutionary scheme of financial adjustment proposed by a government which under Nitti, the Prime Minister, is determined, above all things, to avoid social revolution and to maintain order.

Nitti's words on that matter are a call not only to his own people, but to other peoples beyond the frontiers of Italy.

'Italy has need of peace, if only because to-day internal peace is the condition of success.

'We cannot produce wealth if we lack internal peace.

'Wherefore, I, who am a sincere democrat and have faith in the advent of the popular classes, who see with sympathy this elevation of the people, who have the most profound faith in this new democracy, I consider myself at this moment simply as the defender of public order because order is the condition not only of progress but of life.

'For others perhaps civil disorder is only a danger, for us it is death. Whoever in Italy raises disorder on whatever excuse is a prisoner.'

Strong words by a strong man!

It is only by such truth telling that the peoples of Europe faced with ruin, not far ahead, will reshape their way of life and rise to a new stage of civilization after the abominations of the war.

There is a glorious city in the sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets.

I came to Venice at dawn when there was a faint glamour in the sky, soon followed by flame-tipped feathers about a crescent moon paling above the clustered lights in this city of the sea.

It was cold, but when I took my seat in a gondola rowed by two men who guided it down the Grand Canal with swift, silent movements of their long blades, I was warmed by the beauty of this enchanted scene.

For the ancient enchantment of Venice has not changed, in war or in peace, and sitting there in the stern of the long black gondola with its high prow, it seemed to me that I was gliding back through the centuries to the time when Venice under the Doges was the Queen City of the Sea to whose port came argosies filled with spices and silks and the treasures of the East for the merchant princes who, on the Rialto, waited for their homecoming.

I was glad to see Venice in the dawn. As my gondola skimmed the water with feathers in its wake, the palaces along the Grand Canal were flushed with rose-colored light and their marble columns and sculptured balconies and painted walls were softly touched by this early radiance of the day which made them dreamlike.

In all the world there was no city like this, where every merchant's house was a palace, carved, and gilded, and painted by noble craftsmen, and where merchandise was unloaded at the steps of marble porticoes. They

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are here still, untouched by time, magnificent.

Venice was asleep in the early hours of the day.

All her casements were closed. There was a strange enchanting silence above her many bridges.

But presently as we passed the old fish market there arose a sound of voices, chaffering, shouting, laughing.

Scores of gondolas, heavier, less elegant, more weatherbeaten than my trim craft, were nosing along the wharfside by steps which led to a covered market with white columns.

The sharp stench of fish came to one's nostrils, that 'ancient fishlike smell' which tells old tales of sea and trade. Shylock beating his breast on that dawn in Venice when he lost his ducats and his daughter would have heard the cries of these fish porters, smelled this stink of fish, slipped on the slime of these very steps.

My gondola swerved like a minnow, darted sideways in a narrow canal, where the tall, straight walls of other palaces were sheer to the waterside and only divided by the little stone bridges under which we passed.

I knew one of these bridges, by old pictures — *il Ponte di Sospiri* — the Bridge of Sighs, where prisoners passed from the judgment of the Doge's Council to their dungeons and their death.

We curved round the bend of the canal, came out again to the broad vista of the Grand Canal, by the side of that most perfect gem of Italian art in stone — the Doge's Palace, and by its side the mosque-like domes, the golden mosaics, the marble columns of St. Mark's.

There was no movement of craft on the broad canal; a fleet of gondolas were moored to their poles, with unlit lanterns.

Opposite the Lido gardens three Austrian battleships lay as prizes of war and symbols of victory, in waters where many sea victories over Turks and Genoese were celebrated by the old Venetians.

Italian battleships, and, later in the day, a British destroyer, lay out in the estuary of the Grand Canal, but there was no activity of merchant ships, no sign of world commerce, here in Italy's proud old port. On the Rialto no modern Antonio looked seaward for home-coming sails.

During the war the Port of Venice, thirteen miles from the front, died as a great meeting place of ships, and since the war her trade has not yet revived.

It is a rare thing still to find more than six vessels in port with the world's merchandise, and here, more than in Rome or Florence, one understands the wounds that Italy has suffered in this war, the arrest of her trade and commerce.

This quietude of Venice is abominably like death.

Naples and Genoa are getting most of Italy's sea-going trade, but not enough, and here, staring one in the face, is the peril of Italy, her impoverished state, which has followed victory.

High tariffs still demanded by British and other shipping firms for craft that sail to the Adriatic because it is still unswept of Austrian mines — that anyhow is the pretense for fantastic freights — bars Italy from great traffic in her ports.

Worse still, the fall of the Italian lira, now forty-one instead of twenty-five to the pound sterling, cripples her power of purchase. How can the merchant of Venice buy raw material and rich merchandise when the difference of exchange doubles prices already prohibitive in Italian markets?

The merchant of Venice foretells

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bankruptcy of the state and hides his own wealth lest the state should say, as it is saying, 'You have treasure enough to pay our debts.'

The port of Venice is only asleep, and people of authority here tell me that it will wake up again, certainly, with a great revival of its old prosperity.

Its geographical position in the centre of European trade marks it out for a new age of commerce as it was renowned in the old days. It is at the head of many waterways and its system of canals, awaiting completion, will enable goods to go up to Milan, and into France and Switzerland, without unloading.

It is easy to understand why of all Italian cities Venice is most impassioned for the possession of Fiume. To English people this question of Fiume seems a matter of sentiment, rather false and romantic, inflamed by a poet drunk with egotism. It is more than that.

Venetians look at the question of Fiume as their old rulers, the Doges and the Council of Five Hundred (princes of noble blood but merchants by trade and instinct), looked at all matters affecting the Republic of Venice.

'Is it good for our trade? Will it bring new riches to our port? Will it help us to new markets?'

The modern Italian, underneath all the poetry of phrase, has the same instinct as those great merchant traders, and the Venetians especially are convinced that Trieste is not much good to them unless they have Fiume. Then the only outlet through what was Austria-Hungary, and now is that, under new names, will be through Italian ports.

It is probable that as a port Fiume will not be important. Venice will get the goods.

Because they were denied Fiume by the League of Nations the English were for the moment unpopular in Italy, and most unpopular in Venice, as I have learned by frank avowals.

It is well to know that this is so, and the reason why, for only by understanding may we remove the cause of trouble as best we may.

Among others, an Italian colonel, a gallant old gentleman who has held command in Africa as well as Europe, enlightened me on Italian sentiment.

'We have been too weak,' he said. Our Italian courtesy has been too yielding.

'We want to cultivate the brutal decisive strength of the English and French, who say, "We want this, and that. We mean to have it." Italy has gained nothing out of this war, though Italy saved France and won the war. (That is what Italians believe.)

'England and France have repaid themselves by great gains. England has taken large slices of the earth's territory, in Africa and Asia. France has taken German coalfields and sources of wealth. Only Italy has nothing, in spite of all her sacrifices.

'Before we went into the war we ought to have made our account and said: "We want this, this, this, and this. Otherwise we remain neutral." But out of sheer amiability and unselfishness,— our curse, from which we must cure ourselves,— we drifted into the war, lost half a million men, all our money, and then were put into the basket.

'Italy must cultivate strength of will, national egotism, and must enforce her national aspirations. They include Fiume. It is ours. It will remain ours. . . .

'And do not forget that we can raise a bigger army even than France — six million men, and brave, good soldiers.'

This old soldier did not remember

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the horrors of war. There are many like him who, already, have forgotten.

Other men have spoken to me in the same way, and England is always blamed most for Italy's disappointments and poverty.

'Wilson and the United States were befooled by England,' they say. 'English diplomacy was crafty and wise.'

It is the old tradition which invests British diplomats with more brains than I have ever, personally, perceived, and with more cunning than their simplicity deserves.

Venice is still under a patrician government, and modern democracy has not gained headway mid her palaces or in the little old houses that are huddled along her canals.

Not many days ago the men of her one shipbuilding yard came out on strike, marched into the Piazza di San Marco, where in the old days there were many passionate assemblies, murders, executions, and celebrations.

There were three hundred of these workers, who demanded higher wages and universal brotherhood.

They raised the Red Flag and sang the 'Internationale,' and were so indiscreet as to sneer at Gabriele d'Annunzio and his raid in Fiume.

It was this indiscretion which led to trouble.

The Venetian crowd charged the strikers. The Red Flag was torn to ribbons. The strike leader, a fat man, was seen running like a Greek athlete to the nearest stone bridge.

Revolutionary democracy finds no stronghold in Venice, where the mayor has inherited the blood of a princely Doge, and where the town council has for its members the same names as those merchant princes who were enrolled in the Golden Book of the Five Hundred.

Fortunately, the spirit of the times is against the use of the dungeons across the Bridge of Sighs, into which I went recently, standing in the darkness of those horrible tombs where the 'enemies of the Republic' lay like beasts before being beheaded over holes through which their blood dripped into the canal below, or dropped through *oubliettes* into those dark waters.

Unlike Lord Byron I did not ask permission to spend a night in that darkness in order to conjure up the spirit of the past.

In its beauty, more than its ugliness, the spirit of the past still lives in Venice.

Even the hotels are palaces, and I write these words in one of them where Venetian princes and princesses once moved with flowing silks between the marble pillars, under gilded capitols and painted ceilings, or passed through long galleries richly furnished, with torchlights glowing on paneled walls and floors, or leaned over balustrades between pointed arches, listening to music played in the minstrels' gallery, within the marble walls of this central court.

Musicians played recently to other merchants of Venice and their ladies, among whom were American travelers and one Englishman of letters who watches the peep-show of life and wonders at its meaning.

Those who made money out of the war come to Venice to spend it — and it is easy here.

During the season, which is almost passed, there was an orgy of luxury in these old palaces where the life of luxury was most splendid in the sixteenth century, and more idealistic and beautiful than now.

Italy is poor, but the profiteer is rich here, as in other countries.

I doubt whether he likes the warning of the Pope that he will have to pay.

The London Chronicle

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FRENCH IDEALS IN EDUCATION AND THE AMERICAN STUDENT

BY HENRI BERGSON

THE reception committee of the University has done me a great honor in inviting me to address the students who have come to us from America. To this honor I had no other title than that of having been in America at the declaration of war and of having seen her at the height of her great and decisive effort. Yes, I was a witness of this spectacle unique in history, a people of nearly a hundred millions of souls throwing themselves into the war with all their forces, all their resources, consenting in advance to every sacrifice, doing this, be it understood, entirely without any impulsion of self-defense, for there were hardly a thousand persons in the United States, five hundred, even, who would admit that Germany might be a danger for the United States. Moreover, this was done entirely without the impulse due to material advantage, for from the outset the Americans refused all compensation, and one of their generals said to me last year, 'We will return with empty hands, taking with us only our dead.' They came with no designing aim, stirred neither by interest nor fear, but by a principle, by an idea, by the thought of the misson they were called upon to fulfill in the world. I was there, and I saw the rising of that great tide of almost religious emotion which bore away the American people. Whence had it its source? Who were those who told the nation that it must take its place in the struggle? Among the foremost were the professors and presidents of universities. And when President Wilson launched his immortal message, when at the voice of a scholar become President of the United States, America threw herself into the struggle, who were the first to come before it was a question of obligation or of draft? In the first line were the young men of the universities. And when, eighteen months later, American blood mingled with French upon the plains of Champagne, who were those who gave themselves so willingly that the number of their casualties stood in high proportion to their number? Again the youth of the universities. Let us salute them, let us say to the students assembled here that an indestructible bond of friendship shall link the countries forever together. Were I speaking of a union of politics or interests such a prediction would be overdaring, but such is not the case when the prophecy concerns a union like ours, a friendship which spontaneously took form a hundred years ago round a common ideal of liberty and justice, a union which took on greater being the day that ideal was threatened and has for the first time in history united two peoples by a bond stronger than death, by an idea, a principle, a something of eternity.

The students of the American armies who are now in our universities, cannot, unhappily, stay long with us, but other American students will come to replace them. This turning of Americans to France had begun before the war, but the war has accentuated

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and accelerated it. In 1913 I was teaching at Columbia and was in touch with other American universities. They said to me, 'We turned to the German universities at a period in which yours were not organized. We have continued through habit. Now, we look to you.' This is how Americans spoke before the war had revealed to them the moral inferiority of the German. I have since reflected on their words, and it seems to me that the quality which they had already discovered and appreciated in our methods of teaching was this very moral superiority.

It was not enough for them to praise the science of our masters, to bear witness to our classic heritage, to admit that as scholars and men of erudition we had high standing; they added that we knew how to savor and appreciate a work as art, which is after all the real end. Moreover, they continued. There are two things which we prize above all in the French system of education, the qualities of clearness and composition found in the lesson of the teacher, and the habit of appealing constantly to the spirit of invention.

Now what do these habits of clearness and composition represent but sincerity and the wish to render knowledge accessible to the greatest number. In France one does not find a scholar boasting that he has written books which can only be understood by a handful of scholars and colleagues. We have no scientific caste. We do not wish to bar from the table of knowledge those who are poor. There are intellectual qualities which are closely mingled with moral qualities, approaching their clarity, and one becomes aware of their generosity, even as one approaching a source of light becomes aware of warmth. To give the word democratic its highest sense, one can say that clearness is essentially democratic. To limit one's self to philosophy, it is not in France that a barrier of technical and barbarous words has been erected between that subject and the public. Our greatest thinkers, beginning with Descartes, have thought that there existed no philosophical notion, no matter how profound or subtle its essence, but could and should be expressed in everyone's language. Thus philosophy was able to affect the whole nation, and the nation gained from it and philosophy itself, instead of amusing itself, apart and alone, with the construction of fragile systems, in which there is always emptiness and often absurdity, has undergone the discipline of the national common sense, and been enriched by its contact with science, literature, and art. It has thus been a constant generator of ideas.

As for the appeal we make in France to the faculties of invention, is not its source in our respect for the human being and our wish to give the individuality, within the limits of social discipline, its greatest expansion? French scholars are not moulded to a passive attitude or automatic labor; the student here is not set to collecting material which is to serve for the publication of the *maître*, our way is to treat every student as if he had in him the stuff of which leaders in the intellectual world are made. I can see how this must please Americans who are so eager to have all the facts of the personality achieve action. There is an expression in use in America which will be difficult for me to give in exact translation the phrase—'give it a chance—give a chance.' It seems to me that the essence of the American soul lies in this wish to 'give a chance' to all human activity, indeed to all activity which can awaken our sym-

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pathy. In Washington, opposite my window on Sixteenth Street, there was a lawn on which young grass was growing. This lawn touched the sidewalk, and there was danger of its being stepped upon. The proprietor fixed a sign there with this inscription: 'Give the grass a chance,' and no one trespassed. That proprietor knew the American soul.

To close, it is the common proprietorship of the moral ideal which will keep living the fraternity between American and French universities. The force and value of this ideal have manifested themselves during the war. The hesitations and trials which shook the past world of education were due to the fact that the kind of man education ought to form had not been strictly defined. Alongside of our conception, another existed, mechanical, brutal, and morally inferior, yet one which some thought might produce a better intellectual discipline and a more powerful social organism. To-day the world knows; we know which ideal alone can give strength to many peoples fighting side by side for a common ideal. Let us advance along this road without hesitation. We shall walk side by side, Frenchmen with Americans, for the greater good of France, America, and Humanity.

La Vie Universitaire

AUTUMN SONG

BY RUTH MANNING-SANDERS

TURN now to sleep — the air is filled with dreams;
Over the meadow grass the small winds creep
With scarce a sound, the yellow sunshine clings
'Mong trees where still birds rest with folded wings,
And on a withering branch a robin sings
Of sleep.

Turn now to sleep — for darkness will be soon,
And mists like thoughts that slumber. Mortals keep
With lighted lamps a watch on wintry hours;
But you shall turn, with all your trees and flowers
And garnered sunshine, to the quiet bowers
Of sleep.

The Westminster Gazette

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SEPHINA

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Black lackeys at the wide-flung door
Stand mute as men of wood.
Gleams like a pool the ball-room floor —
A burnished solitude.
A hundred waxen tapers shine
From silver sconces; softly pine
'Cello, fiddle, mandoline,
To music deftly wooed —
And dancers in cambric, satin, silk,
With glancing hair and cheeks like milk,
Wreathe, curtsy, intertwine.

The drowse of roses lulls the air
Wafted up the marble stair.
Like warbling water clucks the talk.
From room to room in splendor walk
Guests, smiling in the aery sheen;
Carmine and azure, white and green,
They stoop and languish, pace and preen,
Bare shoulder, painted fan,
Gemmed wrist and finger, neck of swan;
And still the plucked strings warble on;
Still from the snow-bowered, link-lit street
The muffled hooves of horses beat;
And harness rings; and foam-flecked bit
Clanks as the slim heads toss and stare
From deep, dark eyes. Smiling, at ease,
Mount to the porch the pomped grandees
In lonely state, by twos, and threes,
Exchanging languid courtesies,
While torches fume and flare.

And now the banquet calls. A blare
Of squalling trumpets clots the air.
And, flocking out, streams up the rout;
And lilies nod to velvet's swish;
And peacocks prim on gilded dish,
Vast pies thick-glazed, and gaping fish,
Towering confections, crisp as ice,
Jellies aglare like cockatrice,
With thousand savors tongues entice.

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Fruits of all hues barbaric gloom —
Pomegranate, quince, and peach, and plum,
Mandarine, grape, and cherry clear,
Englobe each glassy chandelier
Where nectarous flowers their sweets distill —
Jessamine, tube-rose, chamomill,
Wild-eye narcissus, anemone,
Tendril of ivy and vinery.

Now odorous wines the goblets fill,
Gold-cradled meats the menials bear
From gilded chair to gilded chair,
Now roars the talk like falling seas,
Foams upward to the painted frieze,
Echoes and ebbs. Still surges in,
To yelp of hautboy and violin,
Plumed and bedazzling, rosed and rare,
Dance-bemused, with cheek aglow,
Stooping the green-twined portal through,
Sighing with laughter, debonair,
That concourse of the proud and fair —
    And lo! 'La, la!
    Mamma — Mamma!'
Falls a small cry in the dark and calls —
    'I see you standing there!'

Fie, fie, Sephina! Not in bed!
Crouched on the staircase overhead,
Like ghost she gloats, her lean hand laid
On alabaster balustrade,
    And gazes on and on:
Down on that wondrous to and fro,
Till finger and foot are cold as snow
    And half the night is gone;
And dazzled eyes are sore bestead;
Nods drowsily the sleek-locked head;
And, vague and far, spins, fading out,
That rainbow-colored, reeling rout;
And, with faint sighs, her spirit flies
        Into deep sleep.

    Come, Stranger, peep!
Was ever cheek so wan?

The Westminster Gazette

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SOCIAL GIFTS

THE present writer read the other day of a French satirical comedy in which appears a worthy Englishman who lacks to a comic degree all gift for conversation and all social talent. His rôle (or rather his 'words') consist almost entirely in saying 'How do you do?' in different tones. The Englishman at his best is, of course, a far more social being than strangers take him for. As good manners and as much wit are to be found in this country as in any other. No foreigner seriously doubts it. All the same, the average Englishman is a little too much of an individualist to make ordinary social life in England as entertaining as it ought to be.

There are small circles, we suppose, in every country in which social life has been brought to perfection, but too many men and women here go into company for no other reason than to avoid being alone or 'alone together.' The ordinary middle-class 'party' would no doubt strike a Frenchman as dull, and many of the guests might seem to him to have nothing to interchange but greetings. The conscientious intention which animates the Frenchman of doing his level best to make the entertainment to which he is admitted a success is conspicuous by its absence. Nearly all Englishmen are shy, many are modest, more pretend to be. These things lie, we believe, though of course no foreigner will agree with us, at the root of our social deficiencies.

Socially, we are not frank; our reserve forbids us to be ourselves. A great number of ordinary Englishmen would seem to have a whimsical wish to appear in company in any character but their own. The whim shows itself in children. A boy will not confess himself devoted to books and ambitious of scholarship unless submitted to a searching cross-examination. He would rather appear the normal boy who looks upon book-learning as a grind. On the other hand, the sporting boy will hardly admit his devotion to the game of his choice, and will sedulously hide his successes in its pursuit. In the same way, when he is grown up, the fortunate man of the world tends to hide his privileged position, to be silent about his advantages. He will not infrequently play the modest man of letters, or talk of some small hobby to listeners to whom he gives to understand that it is his life interest. Again, the artist plays the man of the world, the rich man talks of money difficulties, the suburban matron plays the woman of fashion, the learned man wants to appear simple and the simple man learned.

We have an absurd love of masks often of a most transparent nature. We use them partly to screen our shyness, partly from a foolish notion that there is something festive about a little play-acting. The result is that everyone is not at his best, everyone does not contribute as largely as he should contribute to the interest of the assembly.

But there are worse social foibles than an inclination to pretend, which after all necessitates the taking of some trouble. Among a dozen ordinary English people brought together for social purposes — say in an average country parish — not more than eight have any desire to figure in the conversation at all. They are willing to be amused, but they are not going to put themselves out; and three or four of them, if they told the truth, would say that they were conscious through shyness of some sort of vague fear of giving themselves away. They would rather not talk nonsense for fear of looking foolish, nor much serious sense

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for fear of seeming priggish. They will not reveal their feelings lest they seem sentimental, nor any convictions but the most conventional lest they should make an impression of oddity or of 'airs.'

Because of their very laudable modesty a free field is left too often to some one person who would like to be conspicuous. Occasionally he or she is 'the life and soul of the party,' but more often, from the point of view of social success, its destruction. The persons determined to shine are apt to prove a disintegrating element in any company. They throw bones of contention and make their audience take sides, or they chaff someone who cannot take a joke or someone who ought not to be asked to do so. They would as soon see a wince as a smile so long as all are conscious of their presence. If each of their audience had played his proper part, there would not have been sufficient space for their antics, and they could not have taken possession of the stage.

Some time ago it was less unusual than it is now for one person to absorb the conversation with pleasure to himself and others. Anecdote is out of fashion here, but apparently it remains popular in America. Very often lately we have heard the conversation of prominent Americans, from the President downward, admired for the color and richness lent to it by witty anecdote and analogy. Perhaps they will revive a fashion in the Old Country. Humorous anecdote has a double value. A hearer in one place qualifies himself to become a speaker in another. Also there is no doubt that each man in a company united by laughter laughs more heartily than any man can laugh alone.

We do not imagine that even in France every ordinary dinner or tea or garden party bears any close relationship to the Paris salon which is the Frenchman's social ideal, which he invented, and of which he is so justly proud. We do, however, imagine that among the Latin races those gifted persons who know how to draw a company together, to banish alike self-consciousness and idle contention and reconcile them to each other and themselves, are commoner than they are here. Socially speaking, our rank and file could acquit themselves far better than they do if they were better officered. There are hostesses in all circles from the highest to the humblest who make all their guests happy. Have we not all known men and women whose very presence in a house party insures a pleasant week-end to all their fellow guests? They make everyone feel at ease. Even parochial opponents lay aside their bitterness. The dullest old maid can make some contribution which is worth having to the conversation.

All the shy people forget to pretend, and all the suspicious ones are off their guard. They are themselves, and pleased with themselves and pleased with each other. If we think about these delightful people, we shall probably find that they also are not without reserve. They do not perhaps at first sight appear to have a great deal of what is sometimes called 'character'; that is, they have no very aggressive characteristics. They are seldom described as very 'strong' people. They have as a rule no very 'strong' views, no 'strong' antipathies or prejudices. But this form of softness is not brought against them, because most of them are women, and when they happen to be men they are too widely and genuinely liked to be criticized at all. What all socially gifted men and women have in common is the dramatic sense, and that is probably more often found on the Continent than in this country.

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They see social life as a play well cast, in which none of the parts is unimportant, and which must be entertaining if every actor has a chance to do his best.

We have often wondered whether in any country in the world it is possible to find an atmosphere more buoyantly happy than is created in England by a crowd of leisured young people. Without social art, we had almost said without social instinct, they possess an unrivaled capacity for corporate happiness which in later life is lost. The fact does not prove that we as a people do not deserve the criticisms of our gifted neighbor, but only that in youth mankind is gay or serious by infection. Where young people consort freely together, as they do here and in America, social life is possibly for a very short time more enjoyed than in countries in which it has become more of a fine art.

The Spectator

BY THE PEAT FIRE

BY SUSANNE R. DAY

MARY CONNOR'S shop was well known to all the village. It stood on the sweep of the hill just beyond Drinan's public house, a little thatched cottage with a field or two at the back, where Mary bred fowl and fattened a pig for Dingle market. Her stock in trade, piled on a few rude shelves, hammered against the kitchen wall, was miscellaneous, ranging from bulls' eyes and long sticks to copybooks and needles, lemons and tea, but business was precarious at the best of times, for the handful of cottages comprising the village sheltered people whose incomes were microscopic, and whose wants were few.

Consequently, to be in Coomalague and not to patronize Mary Connor's shop was to place ourselves outside the pale of social consideration, so we diligently bought uneatable sweets across her tiny counter, wondering the while why the place was always full of bare-legged gossoons who swung their legs and sucked bulls' eyes as they huddled together on the high-backed settle that stood by the fire. Mary would abuse them roundly at the top of her hearty voice, and declare to God she hated the very sight of them, nasty messy things, bringing the muck of the countryside into her clean kitchen. She would order them out with useless energy, but the boys only grinned, whispering to themselves in Irish, as they crunched ecstatically, while shy little girls slipped timidly through the door and snuggled down by the glowing turf.

Perhaps it was because of the children that the old woman who sat on a low stool in the chimney corner was blotted out during our earlier visits. We realized her negatively as one realizes an inanimate object which enters the line of vision without disturbing it, but as the days went by we grew to look for her and watch for the long, slow sigh of old age that dragged wearily up from her heart. Inert, motionless, hands folded on lap, she crouched with the immemorial patience of the peasant, rarely speaking, rarely moving. Hour after hour, day after day she watched the peat fire burn, wrapped in her thick black shawl, her brooding eyes fixed on the glowing embers, her old frame bent and still, heedless of the whispering, nudging children, and the voluble women who brought all the gossip of the countryside to her door.

It was some time, I think, before she became aware of us. Men and women were to her but shadows, dark clouds passing across her shining dreams, obscuring their beauty. The jar and

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fret of human intercourse confused her. It was with difficulty she dragged herself back to the unreal, uncared-for world about her, for the misty lands she loved to wander in were far away, lands where age and weariness were forgotten and her feet trod again the rainbow-hued meadows of youth.

There was something infinitely aloof, mysterious, beautiful, in the patient old figure waiting over the fire, lost in remembrance of a bygone world and of a life that had slipped forever behind the dark shutter of time. Into that world we knew we could never hope to enter; but once, for an hour, the shutter was raised.

It was evening. All day long, blinding sheets of rain sweeping up from the Skelligs drenched the village, blotting out the sea. Depressed by the gray, monotonous skies we turned our steps to the cottage as twilight fell, and perhaps because the dusk stole softly down upon us and the little kitchen was lighted only by the glow of the heaped-up turf our talk turned upon the shadow world that lies so near and yet so far away. Then the inert figure that crouched over the fire stirred into unwonted life, the eyes kindled, the bent frame straightened, the quivering voice became full, and on a flood of poetic imagery and vivid story we sailed deep into the land of Bridget Connor's dreams.

With her, treading the gleaming sands on a night of full moon in Samhain, we saw an inky coracle riding the wind-tossed water. Full of men it was, shadowy men, who bent to their oars, drawing their net through the encircling waves and then, leaping out as the boat reached the shore, hauled in a stream of fish that glistened like silver in the light of the moon. There on the sands they piled it, and it growing ever bigger and bigger, and Bridget, watching, saw that it was Thady Donoghue's sons that were in it; but when she ran down the strand calling to them to give her their fish the coracle sank down under the water, and men and nets and the silver hill faded away in the moonlight, and when she called aloud in her fear only the lapping of the water and the cry of the curlew answered her.

And then she told us of a man she knew who had gone over the mountains to a deep and distant glen to seek a straying heifer. And the veils of night closed in on his heart, and he felt the raw edges of the wind that sighed upon the hills and he was afraid. And he wandered on, over hillside and bog, and great weariness took him, and he lay down in the shelter of the ditch to rest. And as he lay, watching the stars and they coming out one by one, a stranger came by and spoke to him. Very tall and dark was the stranger, but the man was not afraid, and he followed him where he led. And they came to a great palace, where halls gleamed with lights and jewels that were the wonder of the world, and men and women of unearthly beauty were dancing there to the sound of fairy harps. And the men, drawn onward by the dark stranger, listened and watched and because he was weary when tables laden with exquisite foods, and wine the color of amber, and wine the color of blood, rose out of the ground before him, he would have eaten and quenched his thirst. And the dancers waved their white arms to him, and he sat down at a table — and then an old, old woman with white, white hair, drifted before him whispering '*Ná Blas, Ná Blas*'—'Don't taste, don't taste.' So he turned away and would not drink and the dancers mocked and sung to him, and all night long the blood-red wine tempted

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him, but still the old, old woman drifted softly by, crooning her blow '*Ná Blas, Ná Blas.*'

And then darkness fell, and he remembered no more, but when light came again to his heart he was lying on the hillside, and the heifer he was seeking grazing peacefully at his side in the rising dawn.

And so from tale to tale the old woman passed, and we heard of the fairy cattle that roamed the darkling roads, and of the *púca* that rose out of the sea to trample the standing corn. Coal black he was with eyes like fire, and he raced the fields like the wind. But strangest of all was the tale of the young girl the fairies stole away and kept in *Tir na n-ôg* for a month and a day, and ever after that at set of sun speech went from her, and not till the crowing of the morning cock did the enchantment fall from her lips, and the music of her voice come to her again. But never since the day she went 'away' could she, nor any man nor woman, make butter come in the churn on the farm lands of Carrigdhas.

The rising wind fretted the thatch and drove sharp spurts of rain against the narrow window. Night folded her wings upon the village; in the cottage the fire burned low, the old voice with its rich musical speech rose and fell, then trailed away into silence. In the stillness we could hear the crickets chirp; one by one the children slid away through the door; slowly and painfully Bridget raised herself from her wooden stool.

'There's no one left for the stories now,' she said wistfully as she bade us good-night. 'The gossoons and the childher won't be listening to them at all, but I mind the time when I was young, 't was then you'd be hearing the stories. Long miles the men and the women would walk, and there'd be a big fire on the hearth, and everyone round and everyone with their story. But them times are gone, aye, them times are gone.'

Slowly she stumbled to the foot of the stairs. 'It's only the papers they care for now, and to be whispering talk among theirselves by the shore. But God be with the times that are gone. I'd sooner be hearing the stories.'

Slowly, with the long sigh of old age dragging from her heart, she climbed the steep and narrow stair. 'Aye, God be with the times that are gone, I'd sooner be hearing the stories.'

The Irish Statesman

SWIFT AND GULLIVER

Of all the great satirists, Swift stands the least in need of a commentary. His style is so lucid, his allusions so direct, that the bulk of his work might well have been written to-day, rather than little short of two centuries ago. Thackeray, who was far from doing him justice in other respects, says truly that, 'He lays his opinions before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness.' Thus schoolboys read him for his story, and vote him the equal of *Masterman Ready*, *Treasure Island*, and their modern successors. If a good deal of the irony escapes them, they feel thoroughly at home in a judiciously expurgated Lilliput, and find in the Academy of Lagado a pleasing exposure of the futility of much of their own studies. To maturer minds the quarrels of the High-Heels and the Low-Heels, between the Big-Endians and the Little-Endians, despite their eighteenth century turn, seem as actual as the disputes between Coalition and Labor, or Orthodoxy and Dr. Hensley Henson, Bishop of Hereford.

A cheap edition of Swift, therefore,

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which aims merely at a sound text, without elucidatory notes, except for the 'Tale of a Tub,' is to be welcomed.* It is otherwise with Rabelais, who heaps trope on trope, coins words, and hurls recondite invective at the Sorbonne and monasticism until, to be properly understood nowadays, he needs a thorough equipment of glossary bibliography and much besides. Even Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, though almost a thing of yesterday, will soon want an interpretation to its whims and temporary quips; it seems, indeed, to require one already with regard to University teaching.

'As wit,' wrote Swift, 'is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humor is the most agreeable.' The attempt to draw a distinction between the two qualities must always be futile; it is perfectly intelligible to the thought, but it declines to be set down in words. Swift, at all events, attempted and achieved a wit entirely his own in the form of grave irony. Comparing him with Rabelais, we perceive that, while the Frenchman is oleaginous, Swift is dry; we laugh with Rabelais, in answer to his own vast guffaw, but we smile with Swift, and even so, the smile is apt to be furtive.

Now irony is the most difficult of all literary veins to maintain; Cervantes himself does not essay it for long flights, but is careful to interlard Sancho's buffooneries with such masterpieces of solemn parody as the Don's discourse on pimping. Fielding flags at times in *Jonathan Wild the Great*, and so does Thackeray in *Barry Lyndon;* the first deviates into moralizing, the second into commonplace narrative. Swift, however, gathers strength as he goes; the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms' is conceived with a much sterner purpose than that to Lilliput. Here again he is unlike Rabelais, who, becoming more genial in his course, proceeds from the gross hedonism of Gargantua to the Epicurean serenity of *le mot de la bouteille*.

There is, perhaps, a pause with Swift midway. We cannot help feeling that he might have made more than he did out of the ghosts of Glubbdubdrib. The chapter is a legitimate gird at the credibility of history, and there it ends. Still then come the Struldbrugs, and finally the Yahoos. The whole fable is conveyed with an exquisite verisimilitude, from the moment when Gulliver ate the two or three joints of Lilliputian mutton, 'smaller than the wings of a lark,' at a mouthful, to that when his master, the Houyhnhnm, as he was about to fall prostrate and kiss his hoof by way of farewell, 'did me the honor to raise it gently to my mouth.'

The geography is so credible that the various countries seem to be unaccountably missing from our atlases; there ought to be an island of Laputa somewhere about the latitude of 46° North and the longitude 183°, and if the storm that rose northward of Madagascar and about five degrees south latitude renders the exact position of Brobdingnag a trifle vague, we know at all events in what quarter of the map to look for it. And what could be more convincing than such native greetings as *Hekinah degul*, or *glum-gluff* as a local measure equaling about six feet? Really, when we are well in the middle of *Gulliver's Travels*, the Irish bishop who, as Swift told Pope, said that the book was full of improbable lies, and that he hardly believed a word of it, does not seem such an absolute fool after all. Always supposing, that is, that the bishop ever existed. Swift did not love bishops.

Gulliver's Travels, a 'Tale of Tub,' etc., By Jonathan Swift. Humphrey Milford, 3*s*, 6*d*. net.

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Swift's reputation has been unworthily obscured by Thackeray's onslaught on him in the *English Humorists*. 'Horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous' are the crushing adjectives, directed mainly at the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms,' which is further defined as 'filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.' This is sad nonsense. The fact is that Thackeray, the incurable sentimentalist, is thinking all the time about Stella and Vanessa; 'only a woman's hair,' and the rest of it. Swift's relations with the other sex have, no doubt, a good deal that is reconditely unpleasant about them, and Lord Ossory's excuse that he looked on women rather as busts than whole figures, though true enough in its way, does not help us much. But the questions whether Swift ought to have married Stella or actually did, and whether Vanessa died of a broken heart or did n't, have nothing to do with the author of *Gulliver's Travels*.

Taken as a whole, as every coherent book should be taken, *Gulliver* is far from justifying Thackeray's invective, the 'unmanly' least of all. *Gulliver* really resolves itself less into an attack on human nature than into an exposure of kingcraft, priestcraft, and legal chicanery. Is the story of the immortal Struldbrugs, whom all the Laputians despised, as horrible and shameful as Thackeray thinks? We cannot see it. What is it but a rewriting of the legend of Tithonus, with its profound lesson? How we should have jeered a year ago at a survivor of Marlborough's campaigns, if he had laid down the law in the *Times* on what should be done on the Flanders front! As for the obscenity, it is true that there are grimy recesses in Swift's mind which are not quite to be explained away by the citation of parallel passages from Pope or Defoe. But compare him with Rabelais! Voltaire is not far wrong when he declares that Swift has '*toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manquent à notre curé de Meudon.*' If blasphemous at all, he is so in the 'Tale of a Tub.'

No, Swift, though he affected the cynic, was really a sentimental radical before his time. 'The bulk of our people,' we read in the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms,' 'were forced to live miserably, by laboring every day for small wages to make a few live plentifully.' All the 'causes' are to be found in him; kindness to animals, female education, eugenics, and provision for the aged. In Lilliput, 'the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals: for begging is a trade unknown to this kingdom.' The Pacifist can find moral support in the King of Brobdingnag's horror at the invention of gunpowder and cannon, though the topic is even more searchingly dealt with in the 'Digression on the nature, usefulness, and necessity of wars and quarrels' in the 'Tale of a Tub' (war, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. The author is to write a panegyric on each of them.) Secret diplomacy was abhorrent to the ruler of Brobdingnag, who 'professed to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, whether in a king or a minister.' Esperanto and Pelmanism (the expression of words by things) were practised in Laputa, a most proper place for them. Swift's *sæva indignatio* against mankind was confined to the last pages of his best-known book, and the last years of his life, when he was dying 'like a poisoned rat in a hole.' In his prime, his sympathies were strong enough, though, as with good old wines, you have to go downstairs to find them.

The Saturday Review

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AN ARTICLE ON PARTICLES

BY ALICE MEYNELL

A GENERAL good habit might long ago have been ruled for our national literature in the use of two negatives —'un' or 'in,' and 'less.' A good rule once made known, long ago, would surely have lasted. We might set about it even yet, though with much to chastise. Let us try. The fault of 'un' and 'in' is of long standing. That of a misapplied 'less' is probably quite modern. What I have to suggest is an obvious enough correction, but the offense is broadcast, therefore, correction cannot surely be inopportune or importunate. For who is there who does not give the Teutonic 'un' to the Latin or Romance word, writing 'unfortunate' or 'ungracious'? Or who now is careful to write 'inconquerable'? Any man today would certainly write 'unconquerable.' It may not be that Bacon is always consistent; nor is Landor, who had something — but that something has proved altogether ineffectual — to say on this question of good English. We must own the incorrect use of the German particle to be the commonest thing in the world, but the incorrect use of the Latin or Romantic derivative, on the other hand, does not occur.

The Teutonic 'un' comes more readily to the English pen than the Latin 'in,' and thus is joined habitually to the wrong kind of adjective and verb and adverb. Not only, moreover, to the Romantic word, but also to the Greek. We have learned to write 'asymmetry,' but not to avoid 'unsymmetrical.' There is also a very frequent jumble, so that 'uncivil' appears in the same phrase with 'incivility,' and 'unable' with 'inability,' 'undigested' with 'indigestible,' 'ungrateful' with 'ingratitude'— but I need cite no more. It is worth noting that these confusions are not due to a kind of reluctance in the use of 'un' for nouns. We have many nouns with the 'un' (not otherwise to my purpose): 'unrest,' 'unbelief,' 'unfaith,' 'unhappiness,' 'untruth,' 'unthrift,' 'unskillfulness,' and so forth.

Now I know well that the reader has been courteously waiting until I should draw breath for a paragraph in order to say '*Undiscovered:* Shakespeare.' It is all too true. I can only repeat, murmuring, '*Inconquerable:* Bacon.'

There is nothing in English that we should prize more dearly than our right negative particles of both derivations, and especially our particle of German derivation in its right Teutonic place. That 'un' implies, encloses so much, denies so much, refuses so much, point-blank, with a tragic irony that French, for example, can hardly compass. Compare our all-significant 'unloved,' 'unforgiven,' with any phrase of French. There are abysses, in those words, at our summons, deep calling to deep, dreadful or tender passion, the thing and its undoing locked together, grappled. But in order to keep these great significances the 'un' should not be squandered as we squander it. And neither should the less closely embraced 'in' be so neglected. It has its right place and dignity and is, as it were, more deliberate. It is worth while, furthermore, to enhance the value of both our negative particles (one of them, of course, shared with French) by considering how poor a negative that last-named tongue has often and often to use for lack of a better; not even a particle, but a thing unfastened, a weak separate word, a half-hearted denial —'*peu.*' Let us try to keep our 'un' in its right place by considering how, for instance, it

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makes of 'undone' a word of incomparable tragedy, surpassing 'defeated' and 'ruined' and all others of their kind. 'Undone' has the purely English faculty, moreover, of giving to a little familiar word a sudden greatness, such greatness as leaps to Lear's 'every inch.'

This was found to be intranslatable when Rossi acted King Lear in Italian; he had to speak the phrase in English. Wonderfully well furnished as we are for all adventures, is it not, then, time that we reviewed and revised our habits, and restored to their proper lineage the great contemporary histories of our language by a right and left distribution of the 'in' and the 'un'? Our incorrect ways were never standardized, or they standardized themselves by precedent. No, it is all too late. We shall never undo the habit now, or cease to be 'unconscious' in our custom.

But for the other particle—'the less'—there is hope or there might be, but for Shakespeare's strange and slightly ambiguous 'viewless.' We might at least check new coinings. 'Less' is in the construction here to be considered, though not in other combinations, fairly equivalent to the Teutonic 'without.' It has great value. It also locks close meanings with its word. But that word should be a noun, and not a verb. Yet it is a verb at the present day, not only in hasty column after column, but in page by deliberate page, and especially in stanza by deliberate stanza. For no doubt the perfervid poets have spread that fashion. You will find 'relentless' scattered in modern verse, and 'quenchless' and 'tireless' frequent. Keats, instigated indirectly if not directly by Leigh Hunt, has 'utterless.' The misuse of 'less' is even somewhat more to be resisted than that of 'un,' because in the case first named the grammatical construction of our English words (and we have not too many laws of construction) is violated. And beautiful words that are neglected for 'quenchless' and 'relentless' pass out of use; the words that have 'less' for their lawful negative are cheapened; and writers of talent learn to dash and as it were to gesticulate.

The London Mercury

A BRITISH OFFICER VISITS AMERICA

BY HECTOR MACQUARRIE

'I SUPPOSE in about six months from to-day we shall find ourselves once more on the Atlantic, returning to dear old "Blighty." I must say I look forward to that day. I'm not going to like America—I can't stand these Yanks! Did you hear how that fellow spoke at dinner to-night? What a nerve to say that his country could equip an army in three weeks that would lick any British army! I suppose they all feel like that in the States. Anyway they are a crowd of braggarts firmly convinced that their almighty dollar can buy anything. I wish I had n't taken on this job; but I suppose it will be interesting. Anyway the only thing to do is to be very patient and pretend that I like them, though I'm going to hate the whole bunch.'

The above collection of ill-natured, unfair remarks was poured forth by me into the sympathetic ears of a brother officer on board the Saxonia the night before we reached New York. Having been invalided from Ypres, I had not been allowed to return to my regiment in France, but rather had been ordered to report myself forthwith to the representative of the British Ministry of Munitions

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in New York. The idea had at first attracted me, but during the voyage I had sat opposite an American who had been pleased to spend many hours praising his country at the expense of mine. I regarded him as typical, for does n't every Englishman know that an American is essentially a bragging sort of fellow — good natured, it is true, but still extremely uncultured?

Perhaps I am wrong to write in this strain. Would n't it be better form to pass this over and merely spend my time writing nice things about Anglo-American relations — about our blood once more meeting in beautiful unity on the battlefields of France? But I cannot, not if I am to be true to my Empire and true to my now well-loved United States. For Great Britain and the United States must be joined together once more into a great Empire of the Spirit, with Love as the Empress. And we can never bring this about by hiding under nicely-constructed phrases the great amount of sheer ignorance that exists in our country in regard to the United States. And there is ignorance across the Atlantic in regard to Great Britain, too, but with this difference, that the people of the United States — I mean the great mass of them, exclusive of certain persons who control the cheap press — sincerely desire to like us.

And I know what I am talking about. I have traveled over twelve thousand miles of the States, and I have addressed a million and a quarter Americans, and I can assure you that a public speaker gets to know his audience quicker than any other traveler. For if, in newspaper parlance, he is to get across the footlights, he must study his audience, and an audience soon comes to be a great, plainly-written book. And then, after the meetings that were arranged by the government for me in hundreds of towns and cities the people used to flock up and shake my rather wornout hand, and remark:

'My grandfather was an Englishman.' 'My mother was Scotch.' 'I'm a Dutchman myself, Lieutenant, but my wife is English.' And always a look of pride would creep into the face of the speaker. Oh, if we British away from home had a little more tact, a little more elasticity! It would all be so easy then. I once heard a Frenchman address an American audience. 'If I were to ask you American people to choose your own grandmother,' he said quaintly, and with a delightful accent, 'would you choose Spain? Oh, no! Would you choose France? Alas, no! Would you choose Germany? No — o!' and then sweetly and gently, 'Would you choose England? Ah, yes!' And the mighty audience broke into terrific applause.

A few nights afterwards I heard Temporary Lieutenant Jones, of the Blankshires, addressing an audience of Americans who were proud to trace their descent to Britain years before the revolution. They were secretly proud that their sons were fighting side by side with the British army. I hoped that the young officer would be nice about it all. He meant to be too, but in that accent which in America is called an 'English accent,' and which is often sheer affectation, he said: 'You know, you Americans must n't think we want you to fight for *us* — we can fight for ourselves — you have got to fight for *yourselves*, for you are in as much danger, and always have been, as we are.'

Of course it was true; but this little audience — it was at a small and very select club — wanted us to want them to fight for England. They desired to feel just a little that way. However, I have n't the space to write about our tactlessness; I want to tell, as quickly

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as possible, how I grew to love America and the Americans.

My tour lasted nearly five months, during which time I spoke on an average twice a day, with an occasional rest of a few days. And everywhere I went I found nothing but a great, big, warm welcome. Things were a little bit difficult sometimes. The accommodation in some of the smaller middle-western towns is a little crude; I had often to get up very early and walk in snow several feet deep, after a night of sleeplessness; the trains were very slow sometimes between the more out-of-the-way places; and the tremendous strain of talking — not merely uttering words, but, to use a vulgarism, shoving it across — became increasingly heavy. Once I addressed six hundred Germans, in a funny little sleepy town on the banks of the Ohio. It was a difficult audience, not because they were hostile — they were not — but because they were German, and consequently a little heavy. In every state I had to learn to accommodate myself to the temperament of the people; every night I would be given a dinner, at which I was the guest of honor. It was all very wonderful. One afternoon I arrived at a small town in Indiana, after a journey on a tramcar of some six hours. The fairly large theatre was packed, and just before I stepped on to the stage I opened a letter stating that my father had died away out in New Zealand. But I had to carry on, and while speaking I felt something touching my head gently. I looked up and discovered that a great Union Jack had been slowly dropped from the top of the stage. It seemed quite the right thing to do.

I could tell you hundreds of charming things, but I have n't the space. In a large timber centre toward the southern portion of Oklahoma, the head of the firm who controlled the industry supplied me with a train of my own. Let me whisper — he was a German. I think I enjoyed myself most in Oklahoma among the cowboys and the Indians. They used to produce Indians specially for me; I even learned to say in Chocktaw: 'I have come over the water to see you.' When I first uttered this phrase an old Indian remarked, looking at my spurs, 'Did he come on horseback?'

In Oklahoma my audiences all knew the words of 'God Save the King!' and they used to sing it. The children used to parade on the platform when my train stopped for a few minutes, and they used to sing our National Anthem, not leaving out a single verse. They had a large British flag, and they tried to deceive me by quickly handing it to the guard at the rear of the train, who used to get it to the engine driver, who in turn would drop it at the next station, so that I would be greeted with my own flag. Once I spoke during the morning at a little town called 'Valiant.' The shops were ordered to close during the meeting, but one man did n't close his shop. That night he was run out of the town; and I dare say he hated it.

There are thousands of amusing incidents that I could tell of. Once I spoke at the Hyde Park High School, in Chicago. I had fifteen minutes to talk, and I discovered, to my annoyance, that my English accent was causing amusement to my audience — they were boys and girls averaging the age of seventeen, always an hysterical age. They had never heard anyone off the stage speak quite like me. I saw that my propaganda would be ineffective among these five thousand girls and boys unless the giggling ceased; for when four or five thousand people giggle, no matter how gently, it makes a little noise. Fortunately, I

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remembered an old joke in *Punch*, so I remarked: 'You 're laughing at my "English twang."' Well, ye know, when people go to the Zoo to look at the monkeys, it's not only the people that are amused.' They roared, but for the rest of my speech I got perfect silence. 'That was one between the eyes, Lieutenant,' they said afterward, while I autographed innumerable albums.

And so throughout the length and breadth of America I found nothing but a warm, kindly welcome, and I discovered a great admiration for the place they sometimes called the Mother Country—Great Britain. And so I was emboldened to say, when ending my speech, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, my people look forward to a great victory in the future; and our victory will not consist in beating the Boche, but rather in winning your love and affection, and once more becoming one with you in all our desires and in all our aspirations to make this world finer and more beautiful.'

The Landmark

RUPERT BROOKE

BY F. Y. WALTERS

NEVER again to walk in English lanes
And see the uncertain glory of the spring
Come like a fickle lover who remains
Steadfast a short while in his wandering;
Or watch, while April's fitful passion grows
Into the splendor of June's burgeoning,
Until the perfect flower of summer glows
On England's breast, a rose
For her remembering.

Even as now: for now he is a part
Of England's beauty. Though he will not wake
To worship her with his young lover's heart,
He is forever hers, and she will take
The foreign soil about so dear a head,
And from his dust of sacrifice will make
The flowers he loved, to crown the lowly bed
Of England's lover, dead
For England's sake.

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THE PRESIDENT OF TIGROSYLVANIA: A STORY

BY SIR SIDNEY LOW

THE International Council rose after a long morning sitting, and the hungry diplomatists scattered for *déjeuner*. They drove as a rule to the best and most expensive restaurants, for they were in Paris at the cost of their respective governments, and had no occasion to economize. But the two delegates of the new Republic of Tigrosylvania made their way on foot to the modest hotel where they lodged, and they sat down to luncheon in the unassuming apartment which served for their salon, their dining room, and their bureau.

The republic could not afford to house its envoys luxuriously. It was so small and so poor that it could scarcely have sent its representatives to Paris if their charges had not been defrayed from other sources than the National Exchequer. It was understood that Mr. Chirsky, the senior delegate, had patriotically undertaken to bear the cost of the mission himself. This statesman had quitted his native valleys early in life, and had migrated, like many of the other ingenuous youth of Tigrosylvania, to the United States, where, to a certain extent, he had 'made good.' It was not, however, from his own somewhat limited banking account that the moderate allowance of the delegation was drawn. For reasons which will presently appear an American financial group was interested in the affairs of Tigrosylvania, and it had provided Mr. Chirsky and his colleague Sathas with the means, adequate though not excessive, to lay the case of the latest claimant for self-determination and frontier rectification before the Council of the Nations.

The two delegates ate their breakfast despondently, and lighted their cigarettes in gloom. Their cause was not prospering; they had obviously failed to impress the great men of the Convention who could decide the destinies of their country, and of many other countries. Tigrosylvania wanted its independence of the now disrupted Empire of Ausonia recognized, and that point the Council was negligently disposed to concede. A republic more or less — what did it matter? But Tigrosylvania had something further to ask. Its fiery little soul was set on annexing, from the neighboring, and likewise new-minted, republic of Latygia, the district of Gambrene. Why, exactly, it hungered and thirsted after this barren tract of mountain and woodland the politicians of Koranyi, the capital, had not convincingly explained to the treaty makers of the West.

But the shepherds and husbandmen of Tigrosylvania had been yearning after Gambrene for a matter of seven centuries. It was the cradle of the race, the home of the ancient native dynasty which had once reigned gloriously over Tigrosylvania and all the adjacent lands, the scene of the final struggle for freedom, and of that grim 'Battle of the Ravens' in which the last king, with all his heroic chivalry, had fallen overwhelmed by numbers. On winter nights, in the great rambling farmhouse kitchens,

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while the beech logs glowed and crackled on the hearth, the mountaineers sang the fierce old battle song, and drank to the memory of King Arvan and his knights. There were several active political parties in Koranyi with varied and ambitious programmes, which were for the most part unintelligible to the peasants and sheep farmers; but all had inscribed 'Restitution of Gambrene' on their banners, for they knew that the electors of the glens and uplands would understand *that.*

Mr. Chirsky and his New York friends had, however, an interest which was not wholly sentimental in Gambrene. This was, as I have said, a poor and rugged tract; but there lay a buried treasure under its gaunt bosom. Certain American mining engineers, traveling through from the Ausonian copper fields, had located a rich deposit of quicksilver in the mountains of Gambrene. Quiet investigation had been made, and there was reason to believe that the mines, if thoroughly developed, would prove to be of exceptional, perhaps of unique, value, promising a fortune, indeed, for those who should be lucky enough to exploit them. The American syndicate proposed to do the exploiting; and it was Chirsky's mission, first to see that Gambrene was duly annexed to Tigrosylvania, and then to secure from the new government an exclusive concession for his clients to work the quicksilver mines. His own reward, if his efforts proved successful, was to be liberal; so liberal that he sometimes caught himself speculating whether he would buy an estate and build a castle in the land of his nativity, or content himself with a mansion and three motor cars in the land of his adoption. But everything depended on the recognition of the Tigrosylvanian claim to Gambrene by the Great Powers; and the Great Powers were showing themselves indifferent, not to say bored.

'The fact is,' Sathas remarked sadly to his partner, 'they don't know who we are; most of them have never heard of us.'

'That is so,' replied Chirsky. 'Only to-day that young fop of an Italian attaché, the fellow with a single eyeglass, whispered to Lord What's-his-name, the Englishman, "Where the deuce *is* Tigrosylvania?" And the Briton answered, "I have n't an idea. But is n't it the place where Gartona comes from?"'

'Yes,' said Sathas bitterly, 'that is all they know of us. We are the country of Gartona.'

It was, of course, true. Nobody had heard of Tigrosylvania. But everybody had heard of Felix Gartona, the supreme singer with the voice of gold, whose fame resounded through the hemispheres. He was a magnificent personality as well as a divinely gifted artist, handsome, versatile, accomplished, magnetic, who lived and moved about the earth in an atmosphere of brilliancy and success. Wherever he went he was sure of a regal welcome; and he was as much the idol of the crowd in Buenos Ayres and Cairo as in New York, Paris, London, and Madrid. Society adored him no less than the multitude; for he was a great gentleman besides being a great artist, a sportsman, a scholar, a virtuoso, a critic, a man of fashion. Kings and presidents and prime ministers were proud of his friendship, several princesses and duchesses were understood to have laid their hearts at his feet, and, when he chose to entertain, the best people in Europe and America were his guests for the asking.

He knew so much of so many countries that he had almost forgotten

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his own. He had not visited it since he had left, a boy of sixteen, to begin his marvelous ascent to fortune and celebrity; and for over thirty years it had scarcely entered his thoughts. The existing generation of Tigrosylvanians had never seen him or heard his voice, for there was no opera in Koranyi. But they were extremely proud of Gartona. They recognized that he had conferred exalted honor upon the country, and had indeed acted as a resplendent advertisement for it. But for him many would never have heard its name. As it was, when men in clubs and smoking rooms disputed over Gartona's origin, whether he was an Italian, a Slav, a Hungarian, and so forth, some knowing person would exclaim triumphantly: 'No; you are all wrong. I happen to know that he is a Tigrosylvanian.' And it was odds but that somebody, like the diplomatist at the conference, would burst out with: 'And where the deuce, then, *is* Tigrosylvania?'

Of these things the astute Chirsky was well aware. He looked at his colleague in silence for a moment, and then spoke with emphasis.

'There is only one chance for us; we must play the Gartona card.'

'What do you mean?' asked Sathas.

'It is very plain; Gartona must be our president. The Provisional Government must commission us to lay the invitation before him. He is in Paris now. I shall wire to Koranyi at once.'

'You don't suppose he will accept,' said Sathas doubtfully.

'See here, sonny,' said Chirsky, relapsing into the American tongue, 'he's got to accept. I'm going to have him doing the patriotic stunt in Koranyi inside the next ten days. When the newspapers and the Allied Council hear of him as president I guess they will begin to sit up and take notice of little old Tigrosylvania.'

. . . . . .

It was a sagacious estimate of enlightened public opinion. When it was announced that Gartona had appeared in Koranyi, had entered the city amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm and had been immediately and unanimously elected president by the National Convention, the new republic assumed a fresh and vivid interest in the eyes of the civilized world. The President's Inaugural Proclamation, thoughtfully handed to the news agencies in an admirable French and English translation by the Tigrosylvanian delegates, was printed by the most influential newspapers in Europe, and cabled *in extenso* by several American correspondents.

The journalists were particularly touched by the eloquent passage in which President Gartona asked for reunion with the fragment of Tigrosylvania Irredenta consecrated by such imperishable memories. This fine piece of patriotic rhetoric, backed by the romantic personality of the great tenor, found a ready response everywhere. Editors and leader writers looked up Tigrosylvania in the *Encyclopædia*, and published articles, bristling with facts and statistics, proving that there could be no guaranty of stable peace in Europe unless the legitimate claims of Tigrosylvania were satisfied. Resolutions to the same effect were moved in the American Senate; and several members of the English Labor Party telegraphed to President Gartona that they were contemplating direct action to compel the reactionary capitalistic government of their country to support the aspirations of the republic.

The name and fame of Gartona caused the little state to be on every-

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body's lips. Maurice Barrès wrote some delicious prose on *L'âme Tigrosylvanienne;* Maeterlinck was rumored to be contemplating a mystical drama called *La Princesse de Tigrosylvanie;* Sir Sidney Lee lectured on 'Tigrosylvanian Influences on Shakespeare and King Edward the Seventh,' and Sir Israel Gollancz called a special session of the British Academy to establish a Professorship of Tigrosylvanian in the University of London; Mr. Le Queux's novel, *The Yellow Hand in Tigrosylvania,* was announced; and Lieutenant-Colonel John Buchan's publishers allowed it to be known that the new (and ninth) sequel to *Greenmantle* would be found to have a Tigrosylvanian background. In fact, as Mr. Chirsky remarked to his typist, a young compatriot he had brought with him from New York, Tigrosylvanian stock was just rocketing.

All this had its reflex on the Great Council of the Nations. The Big Seven (or whatever the exact number was) decided that the Tigrosylvanian question could no longer be deferred, and arranged a speedy settlement. The independence of the republic was recognized, amid a shower of congratulatory telegrams to the president from monarchs, ministers, and musicians; and Gambrene was declared an integral and inseparable part of the territory of the new state. The Latygian envoys, and a young gentleman from Oxford, who had been the expert of the Allied Council on this subject, and had presented it with an elaborate memorandum showing conclusively that the whole economic and strategic situation in Europe would be jeopardized by the proposed transfer, were annoyed. Everybody else was pleased; especially Mr. Chirsky, who sent a cautiously worded but jubilant dispatch to his American employers suggesting that the time to mobilize their financial forces was at hand.

. . . . . .

Six weeks later, as President Gartona sat in his study at the Executive Mansion in Koranyi, he was conscious of a distinct sense of *ennui.* The excitement of playing a leading part on the great stage of affairs had buoyed him up for a time, and for the first month he had been really amused by the new game and by his own rôle of ruler and nation builder. But the novelty had worn off, and the great singer faced with dismay a routine of dull business transacted amid thoroughly uncongenial surroundings. There was no more diplomacy to be done, and the internal politics of Tigrosylvania did not seem worth the trouble of understanding. What on earth did he care whether the United Democrats or the Intermediate Socialists formed a ministry, or whether an import duty was levied on potatoes or on pigs? Was he to pass his life confabulating with the voluble agitators and unshaven land owners who were the party leaders in Koranyi? He looked out of his window on the cobbled street, the shabby shops, and the mean little *Grand Hôtel de l'Europe,* and he sighed for Pall Mall and the Place Vendôme and the light and glitter and scents and sounds of the brilliant capitals which knew him so well. He remembered that but for the summons of Tigrosylvanian patriotism he would by this time have signed a contract to appear in the biggest series of operatic productions ever projected in New York, at the largest salary ever paid to any artist, except, of course, Charlie Chaplin.

A servant brought His Excellency the latest batch of foreign journals. His Excellency, from old habit, passed over the political articles, and turned mechanically to the musical and dramatic columns. There was a full ac-

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count of a new opera in Paris, with enthusiastic praise for a young Italian tenor of the highest promise. 'He seems destined,' wrote one judicious critic, 'to console us for the retirement of the incomparable Gartona, who has dedicated his genius to the cause of his romantic country. Signor ——, it is true, lacks Gartona's experience, and his consummate mastery of all the technical resources of his art. But his voice is not perhaps inferior even to Gartona's in purity and compass; and there is a freshness.'

His Excellency threw down the paper with a red spot on his olive cheek. Then he summoned his private secretary, an intelligent young man who had been his guide and confidential adviser during the past agitated weeks.

'Michael,' he said abruptly, 'I am going to resign.'

The secretary gazed at him in astonishment. 'Resign, Excellency!' he said. 'But why? Is not everything going well? Do not all parties give you the most loyal support?'

'To the devil with your parties and your loyalties!' burst out the irritated potentate. 'I must go! I cannot stand this God-forsaken hole any longer. Do you wish me to die of boredom?'

'Assuredly not, Excellency. But I had thought that the consciousness of your high mission ——'

'My mission,' said the *Maestro* with a glance toward the journal on his table, 'my mission is — elsewhere. I have had enough of playing with this box of toys. My world, the great world, the world where I am truly a king, is calling me. Come, Michael,' and he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, 'you are a good lad, and all this business of Tigrosylvania's destiny is real enough to you, I know, and to some others. Well, I have done my part; I have made them aware of our country, and given it a start in life. Now you must manage without me and let me get away. How can that be arranged with the least trouble? You must find me the proper excuse.'

The secretary pondered.

'It would perhaps be best to have another revolution. The attachment to Your Excellency's person is profound. But Your Excellency's Prime Minister is unpopular.'

'I am not surprised,' said the president. 'The old ruffian's manner cannot be called ingratiating.'

'There would be no difficulty,' continued the secretary, 'in effecting a combination of the Possibilists and the Central Conservatives which would carry a vote of censure on the Cabinet in the Chamber. A demonstration could then be organized which would demand a revision of the constitution. It would be easy and comparatively cheap. I presume Your Excellency is prepared to go to some small expense in the matter?'

'Anything you want in reason, Michael. But there must be no bloodshed or open disorder.'

'There would be none. But if Your Excellency persists in your regrettable decision these incidents would enable you to retire with dignity. Without any expression of resentment or chagrin you would point out that you feel your career of usefulness in Tigrosylvania is closed, and that the new system should come into operation under a new chief.'

'Settle it as you please, my good Michael,' said the president; 'I will leave it to you. But remember — no bloodshed; and don't spend more than you can help. This confounded presidency has cost me already more than it would take to bring out a couple of unsuccessful new operas in the middle of August.'

. . . . . .

Mr. Chirsky, who was still engaged

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in winding up the affairs of the Tigrosylvanian Delegation, called on the ex-president soon after his arrival in Paris to offer respectful condolences on the premature ending of his reign. But Gartona was quite cheerful.

'Don't apologize, my dear Chirsky,' he said. 'I do not regret my experiences in the presidential chair. It was tiresome while it lasted, and I am glad it is over; but it will be quite an interesting reminiscence.'

'You have the satisfaction, at least, sir,' said Chirsky, 'of having conferred lasting benefit upon the country we both so deeply love.'

'Poor little Tigrosylvania! Yes, I hope I was of some use. And by the way, Chirsky, I was able to do another service to our somewhat impecunious Fatherland just before I resigned. I don't suppose you know it, but there are rich quicksilver deposits in Gambrene. The agents of an influential English financial syndicate made us an offer; and ten days ago I signed the concession for them to work the mines for fifty years.'

'You signed the concession!' gasped Chirsky.

'Yes; and I took the precaution to see that the agreement was properly endorsed by the late Cabinet, and submitted to the Allied Economic Council, so that it cannot be annulled. I did not want Tigrosylvania to lose the very handsome royalty which these Englishmen have agreed to pay to the state. Must you go? You are not looking well; working too hard, perhaps. Politics is such a worrying business! If you are in New York next winter come and see me at the Opera. Very likely most people will have forgotten by that time that I was ever president of Tigrosylvania; but I dare say you will remember it.'

'I daresay I shall,' muttered the disconsolate Chirsky to himself as he stumbled out of the room.

Land and Water

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THE AMERICAN CRITIC

BY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

THE tendency is to depreciate the critic. How many epigrams in all lands have been broken over his back! He is not recognized generally as an artist; your Jules Lemaitre or Saintsbury is put on a level with the drudge who 'reviews' ten books at ten lines to each on the same day. Yet good criticism is among the rare things of art. It would take time to number all the qualities which go to make a good critic. In every generation you will find about one first-rate critic for six excellent poets and a dozen respectable novelists.

In the United States at present there is a vast deal of what may be called academic criticism. Considerable knowledge is often at the base of it; it is not eccentric, it is well behaved, it is prudent, it is the output of a citizen who has a reputation for decorum to keep up, it is written and punctuated carefully, and published luxuriously. It is not easily to be distinguished from a mass of the same kind of writing published in other lands. The worst thing about it is that it is vacuous by dint of respectability. Its bland impersonal presentations, sometimes haughty, urbane at times, often irritable, and always dogmatic, have absolutely no effect on the poets and novelists of the United States. Some of them may read it, some of them may even believe in it. But influence them it does not. It could n't. It is too lifeless.

Among all this criticism there is one critic. His name is H. L. Mencken. He may provoke animosity, he may rouse protestations even vehement, but he is read, he is attended to. With foundations perhaps solider than any solemn professor of them all, he is not solemn. He is not bored: whether or not he approves of the American welter, it does not bore him. He attacks his material with gusto. A criticism by him is as absorbing as a well-planned short story. Just as much art goes to it. Besides, he is genuinely American — only out of the states could just that accent, that way of looking at things, come. Such weeklies as the *New Republic* and some of the other critical papers published in America have nothing specifically American about them. They might be the work of the staff of the London *Spectator* or *Nation* transported to America and set to writing on American topics. But Mr. Mencken does not derive from England or from anywhere else but the U.S.A. He is as peculiarly American as pumpkin pie or a Riker-Hegeman drug store. In this sense he is the first American critic, except Poe. For Lowell, E. P. Whipple, W. C. Brownell, and so many others, what are they, after all, but products of European, and chiefly English, culture, who have continued the European tests on the American body, even as Henry James did so mistakenly?

Mr. Mencken tests America by America. To say truth, he treats Columbia rather rough. He takes liberties with her. Oh, Lord, yes, he takes all the liberties in the world. Her house is his own, you see. If he

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sometimes takes her on his knees and treats her to a little boisterous fondling, ere long he has her up and hits her a shrewd whack over the shoulders or a box on the ear. But behind it all one feels there is considerable affection: it is in the manner of Him who chasteneth because He loveth.

His new book, *Prejudices*,* I have found the most interesting book of criticism which has appeared since George Moore's *Impressions and Opinions*. Some of the subjects are not so important as Moore's but that is not Mencken's fault: you don't find Verlaines and Degas and Manets and Antoine's Theatre Libre fresh and unknown every day. Mencken takes what is under his hand and, without Moore's material, makes his book as interesting as Moore's. Not that his style or method resembles Moore's in the least. He is more like W. E. Henley in these, and he is most like himself. As an example, I take the following passage: it is from the chapter on 'The New Poetry Movement in the United States'; he is combating a statement which he finds in some book that the 'new' poetry is 'inherently American and democratic':

'Pondering excessively, I can think of nothing that would be more untrue than this. The fact is that the new poetry is neither American nor democratic. . . . Practically everyone of its practitioners is under some strong foreign influence, and most of them are no more Anglo-Saxon than a samovar or a toccata. The deliberate strangeness of Pound, his almost fanatical anti-Americanism, is a mere accentuation of what is in every other member of the fraternity.

'Many of them, like Frost, Fletcher, H. D., and Pound, have exiled themselves from the republic. Others, such as Oppenheim, Sandburg, Giovannitti, Benét, and Untermeyer are palpably Continental Europeans, often with Levantine traces. Yet others, such as Miss Lowell and Masters, are little more, at their best, than translators and adapters—from the French, from the Japanese, from the Greek. Even Lindsay, superficially the most national of them all, has also his exotic smear, as I have shown. . . . There is no more "inherent Americanism" in the new poetry than there is in the new American painting and music. It lies, in fact, quite outside the main stream of American culture. Nor is it democratic, in any intelligible sense.

'The poetry of Whittier and Longfellow was democratic. It voiced the elemental emotions of the masses of the people; it was full of their simple, rubber-stamp ideas; they comprehended it and cherished it. And so with the poetry of James Whitcomb Riley, and with that of Walt Mason and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. But the new poetry, grounded firmly upon novelty of form and boldness of idea, is quite beyond their understanding. It seems to them to be idiotic, just as the poetry of Whitman seemed to them to be idiotic, and if they could summon up enough interest in it to examine it at length, they would undoubtedly clamor for laws making the confection of it a felony.'

Elsewhere, he writes on the same subject:

'Well, what is the net produce of the whole uproar? How much actual poetry have all these truculent rebels against Stedman's Anthology and McGuffey's Sixth Reader manufactured? I suppose I have read nearly all of it — a great deal of it, as a magazine editor, in manuscript — and yet, as I look back, my memory is lighted up by very few flashes of any lasting brilliance. The best of all the lutists of the

* *Prejudices*. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred Knopf. *cf. A book of Prefaces* (1916), *The American Language* (1918).

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new school, I am inclined to think, are Carl Sandburg and James Oppenheim, and particularly Sandburg. He shows a great deal of raucous crudity, he is often a bit uncertain and wobbly, and sometimes he is downright banal — but, taking one bard with another, he is probably the soundest and most intriguing of the lot.

'Compare, for example, his war poems — simple, eloquent, and extraordinarily moving — to the humorless balderdash of Amy Lowell, or, to go outside the movement, to the childish gush of Joyce Kilmer, Hermann Hagedron, and Charles Hanson Towne. Often he gets memorable effects by astonishingly austere means, as in his famous "Chicago" rhapsody and his "Cool Tombs." And always he is thoroughly individual, a true original, his own man.'

One has to be an American, or at least to know American conditions very well, to estimate at its just value criticism so obviously fearless and sincere. In reading *Prejudices*, as in most of Mr. Mencken's books, you get not only a view of American literature as it exists at present, but views opening on all sides into American life. No country is so much in need just now of impartial criticism *from the inside* as the United States. Such criticism as the French and English have given themselves almost since they became articulate, America has never had. There has been a vague belief that it was unpatriotic to show the dark side of the American state. What there was of this kind of criticism came from foreigners such as Dickens, and it was accordingly discounted. In Europe the novel has been a great instrument of criticism, but it is only quite lately, with Theodore Dresier, Sherwood Anderson, Abraham Cahen, and one or two others, that the American novel has come to anything like frank and sincere terms with American life — the life led by the millions of plain people. Such novelists have had to make their way painfully against furious opposition; from no authorized source have they received any help. Alone among the critics, Mr. Mencken fought their battles for them against obtuseness, against malignity and hypocrisy and against that tepid sentimentalism which is, I do believe, the national vice; and if things are to-day a little more easy for the novelist who wishes to be veracious, it is chiefly to him that thanks are due — to him and to Dreiser, who has had church and bench and bar, police and law and order, and most other phantasms and formulas mobilized against him for nigh on twenty years, and has refused to be bullied and cowed. One has to be an American to estimate properly the innovation of Dreiser and his courage, for lifted out of the American atmosphere there is nothing very startling about his novels (his affiliation really is to the French Naturalists) and a European of some culture reading them would find them the expression of a healthy mind, not in the least anarchic or revolutionary, and with nothing particularly new about them but their subject matter — just that rendering of plain American life which I have spoken of.

But it is impossible to regard them thus calmly in America, as Mr. Mencken, who has had to give and take many a blow in Dreiser's cause, knows well. There, Dreiser is a banner for all those who want to do something else than produce pale novels for pink people like those of the Harold Bell Wrights, the Gene Stratton Porters, and other Sydnor Harrisons. Mr. Mencken writes: 'It is not the artistic merit and dignity of a novel that make for its success in the United States. The criterion of truth applied

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to it is not the criterion of an artist, but that of a newspaper editorial writer; the question is not, "Is it in accord with the profoundest impulses and motives of humanity?" but "Is it in accord with the current pishposh?" What, besides the all-pervading sentimentalism, goes to determine the judgment of the editorial writer, and of a perhaps more influential person when it comes to book, the municipal librarian, I do not pretend to know. My own book, *The Good Girl*, which has led a blameless and quiet life in England for seven or eight years,—only the other day I had a letter from an aged lady in Brighton, who told me she had read it twice with great profit,—was barred out from the public libraries of New York and Boston, and doubtless other cities, when it was published in my native land. A few years ago a new edition was issued by a Boston publisher, and the poor old book was treated something cruel in the press for indecency, immorality, and the whole orchestra; and it is still barred from the public libraries.' As Mr. Mencken says: 'A literary craftsman in America is never judged by his work alone.' There must be something on the side. Sarah Bernhardt or Madame Melba, or somebody equally competent must look on the work and pronounce it good. The late Theodore Roosevelt was a great resource. His opinions might afflict the judicious, but a book to which he gave clearing papers sailed triumphantly over the stormy seas of the department stores and anchored in the haven of the municipal library.

Against patrioteering, against fraud and violence and tyranny disguised as freedom, against the hand of the oppressor wrapped in the cap of liberty, against words that are froth, against a crafty hypocrisy which is the death of all originality in art, against uniformity, against the dead level, against erecting the mediocre opinions of the majority into canons of art, against a mean flattery of the mob and playing down to it — against these Mr. Mencken has always nobly and bravely contended, and doubtless will contend for many years more, for he is still a young man, and these evils are likely to last our time. In fact, a sensible person does not contend against them in the hope of removing them, for they have been always in the world and will probably remain in some shape or other till the world is done — no, but in the hope of mitigating them, and there is some encouragement for this. There is no question that owing to the campaigns of Mr. Mencken and one or two others, the American poet and novelist and, to a certain extent, the dramatist is infinitely freer to develop his work logically and veraciously than he was ten years ago.

Glancing again through the chapters which make up *Prejudices*, the chapters on the American Magazine, on the Genealogy of Etiquette, on Wells and on Arnold Bennett, on Professor Thorstein Veblin (this last is a critical grotesque, a perfect work of art of a kind which no other living man in any country with the language of which I am acquainted is capable of writing), on the Ulster Polonius (G. B. Shaw), on Sex and Art, and the others, one is confirmed in the impression that there is a certain hostility to democracy latent in all of them. If Mr. Mencken were an Englishman, I should think he would be considered a Tory. The explanation of this attitude is, perhaps, to be found in some words of Disraeli. In *The Infernal Marriage*, describing the Elysians, by whom he meant the English aristocracy, Disraeli wrote:

> The Elysians, with a splendid climate, a teeming soil, and a nation made on purpose to wait on them, of course enjoyed

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themselves very much. The arts flourished, the theatres paid. . . . All the arts of society were carried to perfection in Elysium; a dull thing was never said, and an awkward thing never done. The Elysian, indeed, being highly refined and gifted, for they comprised in their order the very cream of terrestrial society, were naturally a liberal-minded race of nobles, and capable of appreciating every kind of excellence. If a gnome or a sylph, therefore, in any way distinguished themselves; if they sang very well, or acted very well, or if they were at all eminent in any of the other arts of amusement, ay! indeed, if the poor devil could do nothing better than write a poem or a novel, they were sure to be noticed by the Elysians.

'The arts flourished'—I suppose it is in such patronage that Mr. Mencken sees the advantage of such an ordering of the world. Therein, and in a far wider chance for the individual to develop according to his idiosyncrasy. According to Mr. Mencken, and this part of his contention is undeniable, the whole tendency of the American democracy is to make a man conform to the average. 'Be like the rest of us or we'll try to kill you.'

Surely no one will maintain that the American millionaire is an effective substitute as a patron of the artist. I should like to see the 'map' of the American millionaire, who usually confuses the novelist and the poet with the newspaper reporter in a general contempt, if he were asked to subsidize a poet as the English aristocrats, the real aristocrats, have done in bygone years again and again. If the American millionaire did 'part,' he would probably say when he got up town: 'I gave a dirty loafer who said he was a poet ten dollars. I might as well have thrown it in the gutter. I told him he ought to go to work.' But the English aristocrats gave much more than ten dollars to poets, as anybody who reads Johnson's *Lives*, can see, and they made no bones about it, and they did not call the poet a dirty loafer, or insult him at all.

As a social question in the large sense, I do not agree with Mr. Mencken's view, but I believe he is right so far as the arts are concerned. Richard Wagner and many others are examples to show that even the greatest art sometimes cannot make headway without patronage, and to be a patron of artists needs a training which is not acquired in a democracy, least of all in the United States. You will hear people call Whitman a poet produced by democracy. It is possible that democracy produced Whitman, in so far that his work would have been different if he had lived under a monarch. But democracy certainly did not nourish Whitman. It tried to put him in jail, it turned him out of his small post in a government office because he was the author of *Leaves of Grass*, it let him live in poverty and be buried by charity. The mass of the American people never took the least interest in his poetry during his life, and I don't believe they do now. A meeting was organized among the working classes in France this year to celebrate Whitman, 'poet of democracy.' I never heard of such a thing in America. D'Annunzio is much more properly a democratic poet than Whitman; he really has a people at his back. There is no valid reason why a poet should not have as clear an eye in politics and administration as your lawyer or stockbroker, but the reception given to the first news of D'Annunzio's descent on Fiume showed that the democracies did not think so. By holding on and imposing himself on the world, D'Annunzio has raised the prestige of the whole race of poets, and nowhere more than in America where the prestige of the poet was at the lowest.

The New Witness

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

BUSINESS NEWS FROM SOVIET RUSSIA

THE Bolshevist official newspaper, *Pravda*, commenting four months ago on a British Government promise to evacuate North Russia, remarked that the Soviet system of finance and industry was never seriously discussed by the foreign press, because the foreign press had been taught to believe that the 'counter-revolutionists' would soon sweep Lenin from power, after which Russia would be a *tabula rasa* for entirely fresh economical construction, so that it would be of merely historical interest to know what happened in the economical domain between the Bolshevist Revolution of November, 1917, and the 'counter-revolution.' A month ago, discussing Kolchak's defeats, the same newspaper predicted that Soviet Russia's finances and nationalized industry would become a matter of immediate and of permanent interest to foreigners. 'The reëstablishment of commercial relations with the outside world as the result of the counter-revolutionists' collapse,' said the *Pravda*, 'is inevitable, and foreigners will no longer be able to ignore our economic system. But we shall in turn have to take into account theirs, and to conduct our affairs in such a way that when the time comes it may be possible, in the interests of trade, to link the two inimical systems.'

This is one of the numerous moderate Bolshevist utterances, which alternate with the wildest intransigeance — the Bolsheviki quite like their Western enemies, change their tactics from day to day in accord with changes in the military situation. At present, being relatively successful, they are uncompromising in politics, but all the more inclined for compromise in the economic domain. The expected complete defeat of the foreign-helped 'counter-revolution' can bear fruit, they reason, only if it leads to a restoration of trade; and for a restoration of trade, as the *Pravda* declares, the condition precedent is a Soviet economic system, which will not wholly antagonize the system of the rest of the world.

Hence the Soviet newspapers are now busily discussing currency reform. The Moscow politician, Tchudskayeff, who, as author of the tax in kind on the peasants, is naturally not averse to Finance Commissary Krestinsky's plans for universal trade in kind and for currency annulment, declared in a recent speech that though barter might do for domestic trade, and had done for foreign trade during the war ('compensation trade being practically barter'), Soviet Russia must establish some kind of currency practicable for foreign trade. He complained that instead of doing this the Moscow Government has increased the confusion by its issue (from June 1) of new Soviet money intended to replace gradually the former 'Tsar,' 'Duma,' and 'Kerensky' paper rubles.

The official *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* practically admits that this charge is true, for it declares that the new money, which is accepted unwillingly, remains in circulation, while the old money is being hoarded. Instead of being withdrawn, the old money will be kept by the peasants, 'in the conviction that it will be worth something when the great cleaning up takes place — there is no reason why the peasants

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should surrender it in exchange for *etiketki*' ('labels,' the nickname of the new Soviet notes), 'because they always have more money than they need.' The same journal says that the issue of Soviet credit notes has in certain districts only aggravated the currency famine; in these districts all the 'Tsar,' 'Duma,' and 'Kerensky' money disappeared like a flash before there was a sufficient supply of the new money. When the Soviet of Kaluga Province issued a decree against hoarding, and to enforce it raided the country, it unearthed in seven villages over 18,000,000 rubles of hoarded paper.

The Advanced Communists, who are uncompromisingly Bolshevist in the original sense, still clamor for immediate annulment. They remind the compromising Lenin that it was he who in May, 1918, counseled that all the 28,000,000,000 rubles of paper then in circulation should be declared null. But the official programme remains: gradual devaluation by substitution of payment in kind and of 'checks' to receive goods. The official journal last mentioned persists that this policy is practicable. 'The farther goes the development of Soviet economical life, the quicker and the more painlessly,' it predicts, 'will pass into eternity the old fetish forms of currency and trade. But as the prospect of a restored foreign trade has grown brighter, the Finance Commissariat has invited proposals for 'a special currency, backed by goods, not by gold, which will not be used at home, but which will be accepted abroad.' Meantime, the currency question is being further complicated by wholesale forgeries, and by ever greater recklessness in issuing local money. At Vilna, as the Finance Commissariat lately discovered, were forged 150,000,000 rubles in 'Kerensky' money by the simple process of using the paper of one 50-kopeck note for the production of two 40-ruble 'Kerensky' notes; and as the original 'Kerensky' notes are unnumbered, this fraud long passed undiscovered. The Finance Commissariat publishes a list of 39 towns and districts in European Russia and Siberia which have issued their own notes, to an aggregate estimated value of 1,100,000,000 rubles.

All over Soviet Russia the system of 'State Capitalism,' that is, forced production by the old capitalistic methods in the interests of the state finances, is making rapid way. The advanced communists complain of despotism by factory managers, fines, unreasonably long hours, penalties for inciting to strikes, and of certain abuses and injustices alleged to arise out of the new system of premium payments, piece payment, minimum output rule, and espionage against adherents of ca' cannyism. Most of these methods were recommended by Lenin in his last pamphlet, *New Problems of Soviet Power*, and they are now daily eulogized in the Leninite press as industrial Russia's salvation.

The eulogy is deserved. Everywhere, except when fuel and raw material shortage make production impossible, is recorded an increased per capita output. The 50 per cent per capita increase in the Tula Munitions Works, which followed the enforcement of piece payment last spring, has been maintained and improved upon; and in the half-nationalized Prokhoroff textile mills at Moscow premium payments for output exceeding the average led to an increase of production of 76 per cent. The Communist Council Correspondence publishes many similar facts. Piece and premium payment in the Gerlach-Pulst works at Kharkoff (before its loss to Denikin) led to production per man being raised to very nearly the pre-

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revolution figure; premium payments in the Schlüsselburg Powder Works led to production per shift reaching 4000 pounds (the former figure was 2300 pounds); in the Moscow Comb Factory the workmen in eight hours do as much work as in pre-revolution days they did in ten hours.

In four other nationalized factories or workshops, piece or premium payment has been restored. In June last the six-hour day was formally abolished, and replaced by eight hours; and 48 and 66 hours were decreed as the weekly working terms in industry and agriculture respectively. On Moscow factory walls now hang so-called 'compulsory ordinances,' aimed at the forcing of production, with a schedule of penalties, one of which is transference to a lower rations class. The Commissary of Communications, the indefatigable Krasin, whose hand is seen in all these measures, is denounced by the Advanced Communist *Proletarskoe Echo* for compelling men to work 14 hours daily. A few revolts against this system, notably one at the Bogatyr rubber works, failed; and it seems that the system is now firmly established. Had it been adopted two years ago, it might have pulled Soviet nationalization through.

According to *Severnaya Zhizn*, all the smaller leather factories have been closed; most of the larger are still open. Two thirds of the latter are nationalized. The Council of Economy spent 23,500,000 rubles in establishing a great benzol works at Briansk; when last reported, the workers were losing 6,400,000 rubles a quarter. The cork industry is being completely nationalized at a cost of 7,460,000 rubles. By May last the already nationalized cork factories had dropped their per capita productivity by 62 per cent; but they have since slightly improved. The 140 tar factories in Olonetz Government lost in January–June, 1919, 8,150,000 rubles; they are now being reorganized, and attempts are to be made to carry on all kinds of distillation of wood. In 28 paper cardboard, and cigarette paper factories in Petrograd and Province are employed only 53 per cent of the staff of 1917, and the output is only 34 per cent. The Paper-Central (*Glavbum*) declares that the national per capita paper consumption has fallen from seven pounds to three pounds, and that Soviet Russia, which needs annually 1,500,000 puds of wood pulp, in addition to what is produced on the spot by the paper factories themselves, can obtain only 500,000 puds. Only 24 paper mills are nationalized, the rest are in the preparatory stage. The per capita productivity of employees has fallen off 65 per cent.

Since this report was prepared, a new official report states that piece payment in one nationalized Petrograd paper mill led to a 22 per cent increase of production. Of the nationalized rubber works only three are working, the Treugolnik, Bogatyr, and Cautchouc, and these are hampered by shortage of fuel. The Ukraine chemical industry, before Denikin's occupation, was, says *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn*, in a catastrophic condition. Only three large factories were working, and the sulphuric acid production had entirely ceased. The reports on nearly all these industries declare that the decay of communications is the main cause of shortage of fuel and materials. In this domain the Soviet magnates are showing their usual energy. At Moscow, under Krasin's presidency, was drawn up for 1919–20 an elaborate scheme of railway construction and repair. The newspaper report mentions that nine new railways are under construction, but does not say where they are.

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TALK OF EUROPE

In London, recently, Miss Daisy Ashford gave a reading from *The Young Visiters*. A reporter from the *Observer* was present. He remarks:

Miss Daisy Ashford, the authoress of *The Young Visiters*, gave her first public reading of her book at No. 15 Montagu Square, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mathias. The proceeds are to be devoted to the funds of the British Drama League.

Dressed in a clinging costume of black charmeuse, and a picture hat covered with silver-gray plush, Miss Ashford mounted the small rostrum that had been arranged on one side of the drawing room, and nervously turned over the leaves of her book, while Mr. Norman Wilkinson introduced her to the audience.

'There are some people,' said Mr. Wilkinson, 'who believe that Miss Ashford does not exist, and that Mr. Barrie wrote the book. But it is a fact that she did write it, and that Mr. Barrie wrote the preface to it for nothing, because he thought it was such a wonderful production.'

Miss Ashford, reading rapidly in a low-pitched and pleasant voice, then recited to the audience the adventures of the immortal Mr. Salteena, who 'was not quite a gentleman,' and the unconventional Ethel and her successful lover. Although probably everyone in the room had read *The Young Visiters*, its authoress had the satisfaction of hearing a continuous ripple of laughter throughout the narration. At the beginning of her reading Miss Ashford was obviously suffering from nervousness, but as she progressed she gained composure.

In a brief interval Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, the honorable secretary of the League, put up to auction a first edition of *The Little Visiters*, with the signature of the authoress on the title page. After being started at £25, it was knocked down to Mr. Robert Mathias for £36.

At the conclusion of the reading a representative of the *Observer* asked Miss Ashford if she intended to publish any more of her juvenile literary productions, and was informed that there was no such intention at present. Miss Ashford also stated that she will not attempt another book.

Not long ago Admiral Sims was taken to task by certain American pro-Sinn Feiners for his story of the riot which took place at Cork between the bluejackets of the U.S.N. destroyer flotilla and the civilian population. Evidently Cork is no isle of quiet, for there has been another shindy, this time between the inhabitants and the British soldiery. The following report of the affair, taken from the *London Chronicle*, throws a real light upon conditions in Ireland.

A serious conflict has occurred in Cork between men of the Shropshire Light Infantry and civilians, and a pitched battle took place, resulting in many casualties on both sides.

Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry were called out to assist the police (who were armed with rifles) in restoring order. During the conflict stones, jam pots, flower pots, sticks, buckle ends of belts, and revolvers were used.

Rioting lasted for nearly three hours, during which time plate glass shop windows were broken and looting took place.

Nearly forty people were attended to at the local hospitals, but the majority of those injured were treated privately.

The affair originated on Sunday night in a row between soldiers of the Shropshire Light Infantry and civilians.

Banding themselves together, the Shropshires are said to have attacked the civilians, and during the quarrel several people sustained minor injuries.

Police, aided by an armored car, turned out and cleared the streets, and the Shropshires were conveyed back to barracks under armed pickets.

Recently a body of them, two hundred strong, again advanced into the city from

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their barracks. A cordon of police tried to stop them, but they burst their way through and immediately came into contact with the people in the streets. Buckle ends of belts were freely used, and the citizens retaliated with volleys of stones.

In a moment the streets became full of fighting groups. The police were unable to separate the parties, though they charged with bâtons several times.

Reinforcements were telephoned for, and all available police were rushed to the city under the command of the county inspector. They charged again and again, but the fighting went on with greater fury.

In one of the rushes revolver shots were fired, and Assistant-Provost-Marshal Harris fell wounded. Women and girls were knocked over, and soldiers who became separated from their comrades were chased into theatres and hotels.

One soldier who dashed up the stairs of a leading hotel was followed by a group who hurled stones at him. He was seriously hurt, and had to be taken to hospital.

The Shropshires entered a railway station, and broke all the glass on the premises. Another fierce fight followed, and the police again charged several times, using the butt-ends of their rifles to separate the troops and people.

Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry were turned out, fully equipped, and drew cordons across the streets, but the fighting was transferred to other parts.

At one time the riot became so serious that the officer in charge of the troops gave the order to fire, but before the shots rang out Inspector Clayton asked for one last chance to clear the streets.

In this the police were fairly successful, and at length armed pickets had the Shropshires under control, and turned them toward their barracks. Even then the affair did not end and the route from the city to the barracks is marked by broken windows and street lamps.

One soldier entered a house, and threw crocks and jam pots at the people in the streets. A fusillade of revolver shots was fired at him, but he escaped injury by withdrawing.

The damage done to property is immense.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

H. W. Nevinson is an English journalist and author.

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Christopher Lange, editor and publicist, is secretary of the inter-parliamentary union.

Henri Bergson is the most widely known and read French philosopher.

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Alice Meynell, poet and essayist, is the author of several volumes of delicate and distinctive work.

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NIGHT

BY NITA H. PADWICK

Breathless the tropic night; the scent of cloves
Hangs in the narrow street,
The flat white walls are luminous with eyes,
And dusky palm-trees rise
Against the stars;
Drums dully beat,
The air is heavy with the scent of cloves.

Within his lighted doorway look! He sits
Beating his silver things,
Bracelets, the scaly semblances of snakes,
Frail chains he makes
So cunningly,
And curious rings.
The dusky silver-beater, there he sits!

My friend Muloo sells silks from Indian looms,
Silks luminous and rare,
Pink, softly crinkled like a young rose leaf,
Blue-green, the dreaming grief
Of seas o'er yellow sands,
Scarlets that stare,
Blue, gold, and crimson shining in the glooms.

And here are ivories, and moonstones pale,
Dewdrops on fragile threads
To twine around the neck of one most dear.
And here, see! Here
Are powder-boxes, carved
With niggers' heads.
Ali sells ivories and moonstones pale.

Oh, mystic tropic night! Oh, splendid moon,
Brilliant above the sea!
I see thee still, and still the throb of drums
To memory comes,
Mingled with chant of dancers
In their glee.
Oh, mystic tropic night! Oh, splendid moon!

The Anglo-French Review

GOING AND STAYING

BY THOMAS HARDY

The moving sun-shapes on the spray,
The sparkles where the brook was flowing,
Pink faces, plightings, moonlit May,
These were the things we wished would stay;
But they were going.

Seasons of blankness as of snow,
The silent bleed of a world decaying,
The moan of multitudes in woe,
These were the things we wished would go;
But they were staying.

The London Mercury

IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN AGAIN

BY RUPERT BROOKE

I have known the most dear that is granted us here,
More supreme than the gods know above,
Like a star I was hurled through the sweet of the world,
And the height and the light of it, Love.
I have risen to the uttermost Heaven of Joy,
I have sunk to the sheer Hell of Pain —
But — it's not going to happen again, my boy,
It's not going to happen again.

It's the very first word that poor Juliet heard
From her Romeo over the Styx;
And the Roman will tell Cleopatra in hell,
When she starts her immortal old tricks,
What Paris was tellin' for good-bye to Helen
When he bundled her into the train—
Oh, it's not going to happen again, old girl,
It's not going to happen again.

The London Mercury

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